

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

1/

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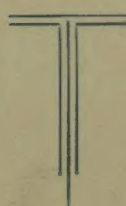
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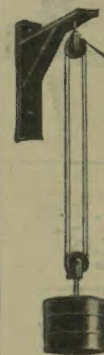
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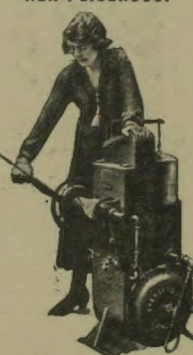
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THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

REGISTERED AS A NEWSPAPER FOR TRANSMISSION IN THE UNITED KINGDOM AND TO CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND BY MAGAZINE POST.

SATURDAY, JULY 22, 1922.

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LEAVING ST. MARGARET'S, WESTMINSTER, AFTER THEIR WEDDING: LORD LOUIS MOUNTBATTEN, R.N., AND HIS BRIDE (MISS EDWINA ASHLEY), HER TRAIN HELD BY PRINCESSES CECILIA AND SOPHIA OF GREECE.

The wedding of Lord Louis Mountbatten and Miss Edwina Ashley took place at St. Margaret's, Westminster, at 2.15 p.m. on Tuesday, July 18. The occasion aroused great popular interest, owing to the bridegroom's relationship to the Royal Family and the great wealth of the charming young bride. Miss Ashley wore a gown of gleaming silver and carried a bunch of Madonna lilies. Officers of the

"Renown," in which the bridegroom had voyaged with the Prince of Wales on his tours, acted as ushers at the church and formed an arch of swords under which the bridal procession passed out after the ceremony. The two youngest of the seven bridesmaids were Princesses Cecilia and Sophia, daughters of Prince and Princess Andrew of Greece, and nieces of Lord Louis Mountbatten.

PHOTOGRAPH BY C.N.



By G. K. CHESTERTON.

Nobody knows, perhaps, how many people have discovered America. In a very interesting little book of essays from Dublin, called "Old Wine and New," by Conall Cearnach, I have just read the suggestion, which seems not without support, that an Irish missionary discovered it in the Dark Ages. Anyhow, the Mexican Indians had an ancient tradition of a white man in long robes who taught them to offer bread on the altar instead of their customary human sacrifices. But it seems clear that, if so many people did discover America, an even larger number of people must have managed to undiscover America. It does not sound at first sight so very easy a thing to do. I do not mean to insinuate that any splendid distinction, in the style of a statue of Columbus, is due to the man who undiscovered America. Even the verbal formulation of his claim is open to criticism.

I suppose the true opposite of discovery must be covery. And it certainly seems that even the claim of Columbus is less colossal than that of a gentleman who should boast that he had covered America. To have hidden the continent from the human race, when once it had been noticed, would seem a secrecy calling for no little art. Nevertheless, I can easily believe that the frontiers of human geographical knowledge have often expanded and contracted like a tide; and the thing which had once been a matter of knowledge only lingered as a legend. That is one of the many reasons for believing in legends. Long before the continent had been discovered and called America, it had been undiscovered and called Atlantis.

But this chance example of the hypothetical Irish priest, who became a South American demigod, turned my thoughts in the direction of the things that probably have been found and forgotten and found again. And these in turn reminded me of a much more remarkable fact. It is natural enough that people should pride themselves on discovering what has been discovered and forgotten. It seems more singular that people should boast of finding things so obvious that they cannot be forgotten, and hardly needed to be found. It was natural for a man to announce that he had discovered the new world. It is a little more odd when he announces that he has discovered the world. Yet there are men going about proclaiming that they have discovered Humanity exactly as a man might proclaim that he had discovered America. There are new prophets who announce that all men are brothers, as if the relationship were as unexpected as the mutual recognition of long-lost brothers in a novel or a melodrama. There are new religions founded on the notion that the discovery of a human race is something like the old sixteenth-century discovery of a Red Indian race. In other words, while geographical truth is at least forgotten and recovered, moral truth seems to be recovered without being forgotten. For the new sage humanity is his own discovery; I am not quite sure it is not his own invention.

Everybody knows that marvellous mechanical inventions were made at the beginning of the nineteenth century, such as the steam-engine and the spinning jenny. I have all the admiration for the able men who made these discoveries which is consistent with a considerable sympathy with the Luddites who tried to destroy them as soon as they were made.

But we should be rather surprised if certain additions were made to the list and dated at this period. Suppose somebody were to say that among the machines then invented was a sharp tool to be dragged over the earth to break it up for sowing, or a circle with spokes which enabled a cart to pass smoothly over the ground. Suppose it were said that the Early Victorians were the first men to discover that the skins of animals wrapped round the body were convenient for keeping out the cold, or that the action of fire on raw meat rendered it more palatable and digestible. Suppose, in short, that we were told that the industrial revolution produced the first roof or the first boat or the first pair of shoes, we should feel that our dates were getting a little confused; and that somehow or other we had heard of these things as having existed before. Yet many modern

among the last words spoken by James II., whom Macaulay represented as the narrowest and most bigoted despot, even in an age thus oppressed with despotism. He said to his son, "Remember that Kings do not exist for themselves, but for the good of the people." It may be that James II. was indeed a bitter and bigoted despot. But in that case we can only accept Macaulay's view of James at the expense of his view of history. So far from the seventeenth century having been an age in which the most enlightened liberals thought this democratic doctrine a paradox, it was an age in which the most benighted reactionaries thought it a platitude, which even they could not deny. And the common-sense of it, of course, is that this truth is and always was a truism, which no chief in the Stone Age would ever have dreamed of denying.

Now, anybody who has merely dipped into a few of the details of history here and there knows that there are a thousand cases like that. Notions which we were taught to regard as "modern" can be found scattered all over every period, however ancient. Everyone knows by this time that Socialist speculations and Theosophical theories can be found in crumbling hieroglyphics and mouldering tomes. Even about material and mechanical inventions our originality is not so secure as it was. The excavations of the past are not half so fatal to the faiths of the past as they are to the pretensions of the present; and many a novelty has only remained new until it was superannuated by something much older. In that sense many of our discoveries have destroyed many of our inventions. In fact, the difference has become one of detail and degree, and is no longer a decisive difference of kind. History is no longer a complacent contemplation of how far we have left these people behind. It is a doubtful speculation about how far they had gone along a path parallel to us, or even got ahead of us. The past has ceased to be merely a foil and become a rival.

But if this be true even of material things, it is manifestly much more true of moral things. It is especially about moral things that it is undeniable; and yet it is especially about moral things that it is

denied. People are always announcing as a new morality things that are obviously necessary to any morality. To say that all men are a kindred is so fundamental as to be in a sense superfluous. If they were not, we should not even be using the expression "all men." In that sense, to say that men are brothers is merely to say that men are men. That men are of a kind is asserted even in the word mankind. Yet how many hairy humbugs start up with new religions on every side of us, and seem to have nothing else to say! To say that rulers exist for the good of the community is something so simple that it is really impossible to conceive its contrary. Any people in any age who talked about a bad King or a good Queen implied the existence of such a social test. Yet how many modern writers who were not humbugs, like Macaulay in the example given above, have talked about such things being recently discovered like the telephone? Curiously enough, the notion of the novelty of human brotherhood is itself the worst denial of that brotherhood: for how could we feel about our fathers as if they were our brothers, if they were so bestially stupid as that?



AT THE DEDICATION OF THE FOUNDATION STONE OF THE WAR MEMORIAL CLOISTER AT WINCHESTER COLLEGE: VISCOUNT GREY DELIVERING HIS ADDRESS.

Viscount Grey of Fallodon, himself an old Wykehamist, delivered an address when the foundation stone of the war memorial cloister at Winchester College was dedicated, on July 15, by Dr. Fearon, a former Headmaster. A service was first held in the school chapel, and the principal visitors and masters walked in procession to the site. Lord Grey was accompanied by Lady Grey, and among those present were Lord and Lady Selborne and Mr. H. A. L. Fisher, the Minister of Education. Relatives of the fallen occupied the foremost places at the dedication ceremony.—[Photograph by C.N.]

people make in the moral sphere a claim quite as outrageous as this would be in the material sphere. Many modern people claim for modernity the discovery of the most ordinary moral ideas; ideas that are probably older than cooking or wearing clothes.

I will give one example out of many hundred of what I mean. When I was a boy I read in Macaulay a passage that must have been read by multitudes of my generation in their boyhood, and must have considerably coloured their minds. It was to the effect that when a French writer of the later seventeenth century said that subjects did not exist for Kings, but *vice versa*, it was regarded as a revolutionary paradox even by the most progressive. It was a despotic age (I quote from memory) "in which the most humane and enlightened men heard with astonishment the suggestion that a million men did not exist for the sake of one." Long afterwards I happened to come on this very sentiment, stated word for word, in a place where Macaulay certainly would not lead us to look for it. It was actually

THE WEDDING IN ST. MARGARET'S: AN IMPRESSION BY OUR ARTIST.

SKETCHED IN ST. MARGARET'S BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, A. FORESTIER.



WITH THE PRINCE OF WALES AS BEST MAN, AND THE KING AND QUEEN AND QUEEN ALEXANDRA PRESENT
(IN FRONT PEW ON RIGHT): THE MARRIAGE OF LORD LOUIS MOUNTBATTEN AND MISS ASHLEY.

The wedding of Lord Louis Mountbatten, R.N., and Miss Edwina Ashley, at St. Margaret's, Westminster, on July 18, was the most brilliant function that has been seen for a long time in that church. The bride was given away by her father, Colonel Wilfrid Ashley, M.P. The Prince of Wales was the bridegroom's best man, and the King and Queen occupied the front pew on the right of the aisle. Next to her Majesty was Queen Alexandra, who took a special interest in the bride from

the fact that King Edward was her godfather. Officers of the "Renown," in which Lord Louis accompanied the Prince of Wales on his tours to India and Australia, acted as ushers in the church. The church was decorated, by the bride's desire, entirely with delphiniums, of which flowers two tall columns flanked the chancel steps. Their blue shade harmonised with the bridesmaids' gowns and the blue of the Naval uniforms.—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]



THE NAVY PROVIDES A BRIDAL TEAM: A PARTY FROM THE "RENOVA" DRAWING THE CAR CONTAINING LORD LOUIS MOUNTBATTEN AND HIS BRIDE FROM ST. MARGARET'S TO BROOK HOUSE.



AT THE ALTAR: THE BRIDAL PAIR KNEELING; THE PRINCE OF WALES (CENTRE) AS BEST MAN; THE KING (RIGHT) AS CHIEF GUEST.



LEAVING THE CHURCH: (L. TO R.) PRINCESS MARY, THE PRINCE OF WALES, THE MARQUESS OF MILFORD HAVEN, VISCOUNT LASCELLES (BEHIND), THE DUKE OF YORK, AND PRINCE GEORGE.



ROYAL GUESTS LEAVING ST. MARGARET'S AFTER THE WEDDING: (LEFT TO RIGHT) QUEEN ALEXANDRA, THE QUEEN, THE KING, AND PRINCESS VICTORIA.



WITH THE PRINCE OF WALES AS THE BRIDEGROOM'S BEST MAN; AND THE SEVEN BRIDESMAIDS: LORD LOUIS MOUNTBATTEN, R.N., AND HIS BRIDE (MISS EDWINA ASHLEY)—A GROUP TAKEN ON THE OCCASION OF THEIR WEDDING AT ST. MARGARET'S, WESTMINSTER, ON JULY 16. (SEE LIST OF NAMES BELOW.)

The figures in the large bridal group at the foot of the page are (from left to right)—Standing: Princess Margaret of Greece, Lord Louis Mountbatten, R.N. (the Bridegroom), Miss Edwina Ashley (the Bride), the Prince of Wales (the best man), and Princess Theodora of Greece. Sitting: Miss Mary Ashley (sister of the Bride), Miss Joan Pakenham, Princess Sophia of Greece, Lady Mary Ashley-Cooper, and Princess Cecilia of Greece. The bride, who is not yet twenty-one, is a daughter of Colonel Wilfrid Ashley, M.P., a descendant of the great Lord Shaftesbury, and granddaughter (through her mother) of the late Sir Ernest Cassel, who was a friend of King Edward. Lord Louis Mountbatten is a son of the late Marquess of Milford Haven and,

through his mother, a great-grandson of Queen Victoria. He served in the Navy during the war, and is now a Lieutenant. He accompanied the Prince of Wales, as an A.D.C., on his recent tour to India and Japan, and also on the previous voyage to Australia and New Zealand. Of the bridesmaids, Miss Mary Ashley is the Bride's sister, and Miss Joan Pakenham, daughter of Colonel Pakenham, is her cousin. Lady Mary Ashley-Cooper is the eldest daughter of the Earl and Countess of Shaftesbury. The four daughters of Prince and Princess Andrew of Greece—Princesses Margaret, Theodora, Cecilia, and Sophia—are nieces of Lord Louis Mountbatten, who is their mother's brother.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY SPORT AND GENERAL, C.N., L.N.A., AND (THE GROUP) BY VANDYK.

A WEDDING THAT DREW ALL LONDON: ROYAL GUESTS; AN OLD SHOE.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ALFIERI C.N. TOPICAL AND L.N.A.



INCLUDING AS MANY MEN AS WOMEN: PART OF THE HUGE CROWD ATTRACTED BY THE MOUNTBATTEN-ASHLEY WEDDING AT ST. MARGARET'S.



TWO QUEENS AMONG THE GUESTS: QUEEN MARY (RIGHT) AND QUEEN ALEXANDRA WITH THE BRIDESMAIDS OUTSIDE ST. MARGARET'S AFTER THE WEDDING.



SAILORS OF THE "RENOVN" TYING AN OLD SHOE ON TO THE BRIDE'S CAR FOR LUCK: AN INDISPENSABLE CUSTOM.

The wedding of Lord Louis Mountbatten and Miss Edwina Ashley drew an enormous crowd of spectators, who gathered all along the route between St. Margaret's, Westminster, and Brook House, Park Lane, where the reception was held. Many of them waited long hours to catch a glimpse of the bride and bridegroom and the Royal guests. Our first photograph above goes to disprove the belief that only women are interested in weddings, for it shows quite as many men in the



A ROYAL SALUTE FROM THE KING TO HIS MOTHER: HIS MAJESTY KISSING QUEEN ALEXANDRA ON LEAVING ST. MARGARET'S.

crowd, if not more than the women present. The Queen and Queen Alexandra were especially interested in the younger bridesmaids, daughters of Prince and Princess Andrew of Greece. In the second photograph they are seen talking to them, after the wedding, outside the church, where also the King took leave of his mother. Sailors of the "Renown," who drew the bridal car to Brook House, saw to it that the "old shoe" for luck was not omitted.

LONDON'S "HOTEL DE VILLE" INAUGURATED: THE KING'S SALUTE.

PHOTOGRAPH BY C.N.



THE KING OPENS THE NEW COUNTY HALL: HIS MAJESTY, SALUTING THE ASSEMBLED COMPANY, WITH THE QUEEN BESIDE HIM AND PRINCESS MARY BEHIND, ON THEIR ARRIVAL AT THE STEPS OF THE MEMBERS' TERRACE.

The magnificent new County Hall built for the L.C.C. on the Surrey bank of the Thames beside Westminster Bridge was opened on July 17 by the King, who laid the foundation stone in 1912. He was accompanied by the Queen, the Duke of York, Princess Mary, and Viscount Lascelles. The royal party passed through the centre of the building to the terrace, where the members of the London County Council and a large number of distinguished guests assembled. The Chairman of the L.C.C., Mr. F. R. Anderton, read an address describing the Council's activities. The King then delivered his reply, and, after prayers had

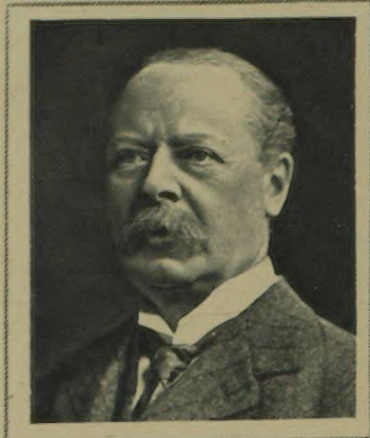
been offered by the Archbishop of Canterbury, dedicated the building and declared it open. Their Majesties then went over it, and the King formally unlocked the Council Chamber. On leaving, by the Westminster Bridge Road entrance, they drove through Lambeth, returning to Buckingham Palace by way of Vauxhall Bridge. Drawings of the new County Hall, which has cost some £4,000,000, were given in our issue for July 15, together with portraits of the chief L.C.C. officials and the architect. In the construction of the building there were used 30,000,000 bricks and 50,000 tons of stone.

PERSONALITIES; THE PRINCE'S WEDDING GIFT; A 7800-GUINEA ROMNEY.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY NAVANA, LAFAYETTE (GLASGOW), BARRATT'S, HAY WRIGHTSON, ALFIERI, VANDYK, TOPICAL, MEURISSE, AND RUSSELL. THE ROMNEY PORTRAIT BY COURTESY OF MESSRS. CHRISTIE, MANSON, AND WOODS.



CAPTAIN OF THE OXFORD UNIVERSITY CRICKET TEAM: MR. G. T. S. STEVENS.



CHAIRMAN OF THE LARGEST THREAD COMPANY: THE LATE SIR THOMAS GLEN-COATS, BT.



A NEW ASSOCIATE ENGRAVER OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY: MR. HENRY MACBETH-RAEBURN.



A NEW ASSOCIATE ENGRAVER OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY: MR. FRED. LANDSEER GRIGGS.



THE PRINCE'S WEDDING GIFT TO LORD LOUIS MOUNTBATTEN, DESIGNED BY HIMSELF: A SILVER GLOBE SHOWING HIS TOUR ROUTES.



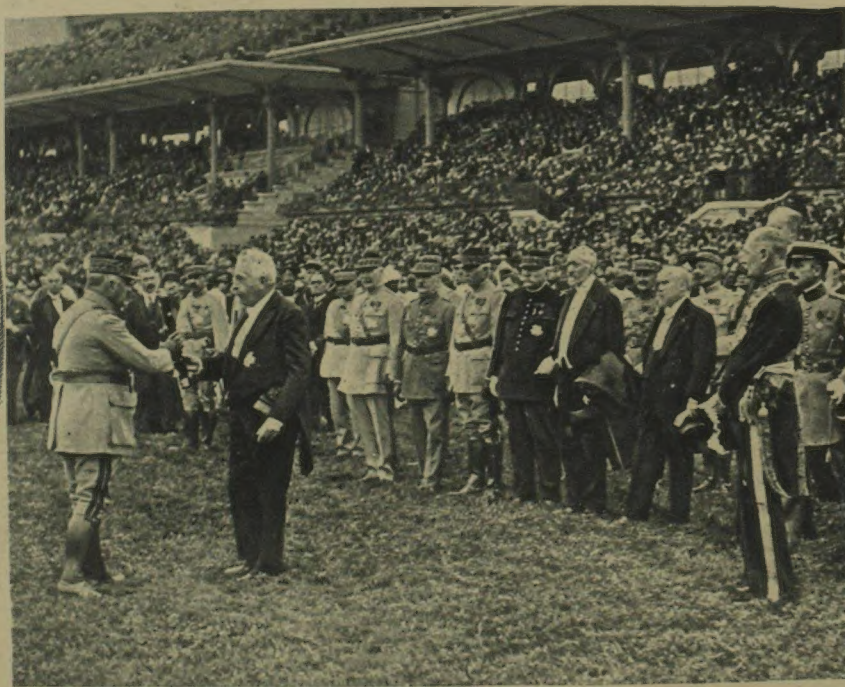
RECENTLY SOLD FOR 7800 GUINEAS: ROMNEY'S PORTRAIT OF MRS. VANDERGUCHT.



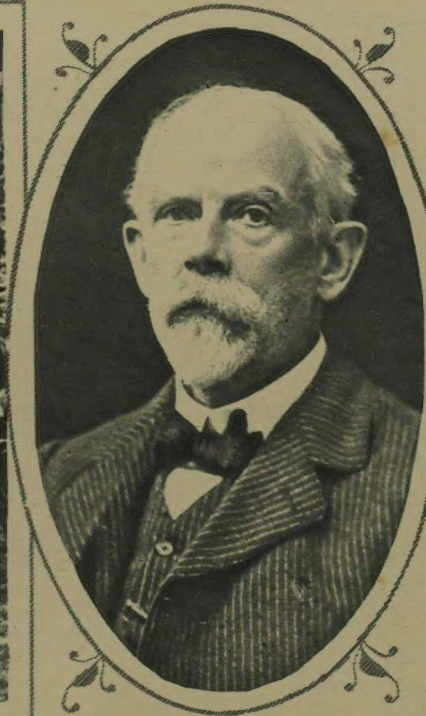
DECORATED WITH NAVAL EMBLEMS: THE MOUNTBATTEN-ASHLEY WEDDING CAKE.



ELECTED PREMIER OF POLAND: M. KORFANTY, THE ANTI-GERMAN LEADER.



BEFORE THE SHOTS IN THE CHAMPS ELYSÉES: PRESIDENT MILLERAND AT THE LONGCHAMP REVIEW, HANDING A BATON TO MARSHAL D'ESPÉREY.



AN EMINENT CAMBRIDGE HISTORIAN: THE LATE SIR GEORGE W. PROTHERO

We give a portrait of Mr. G. T. S. Stevens, the Oxford cricket captain, as an incorrect photograph (supplied to us as representing him) appeared in our last issue.—Sir Thomas Glen-Coats was chairman of J. and P. Coats, of Paisley, the largest thread-making company in the world, with a capital of £20,250,000.—The Prince of Wales's wedding gift to Lord Louis Mountbatten, who accompanied him both to India and Australia, was a silver figure of Atlas supporting a silver globe with the routes of the tours traced in enamel. It was the Prince's own idea.—Romney's portrait of Mrs. Vandergucht was bought for 7800 guineas by Messrs. Duveen at a sale of Old Masters at Christie's on July 14.—The wedding cake for Miss Edwina Ashley's wedding to Lord Louis Mountbatten, R.N., was made by the Mayfair Catering Company. The design includes anchors, chains,

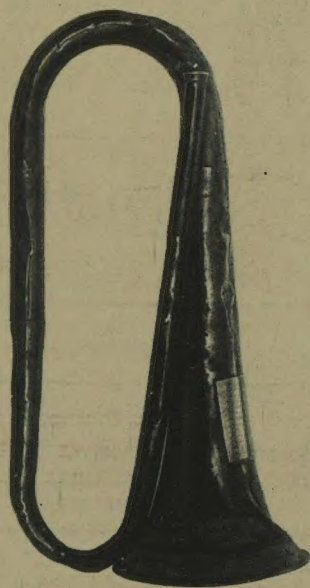
lifebelts, and boats.—M. Korfanty was elected Premier of Poland by the Polish Diet on July 14, whereupon Marshal Pilsudski, Chief of the State, threatened to resign. Last year M. Korfanty headed an anti-German revolt in Upper Silesia.—At a great review at Longchamp on July 14, the French National Fête day, President Millerand presented Marshal's batons to Marshal Franchet d'Espérey (as shown above) and Marshal Fayolle. During the drive back to the Elysée, shots, apparently intended for the President, were fired by a Communist at the preceding carriage of M. Naudin, the new Prefect of Police. The assailant said he meant to hit M. Poincaré.—Sir George Prothero (brother of Lord Ernle) became University Lecturer in History at Cambridge in 1884. During and after the war he did valuable historical work for the Admiralty and the Foreign Office.

THE LIFE GUARDS AS ONE REGIMENT: A CAVALRY AMALGAMATION.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY SPORT AND GENERAL.



NOW TO BE AMALGAMATED WITH THE 2ND LIFE GUARDS AS A SINGLE REGIMENT NAMED "THE LIFE GUARDS," UNDER THE SCHEME FOR REDUCTION OF CAVALRY ESTABLISHMENTS: OFFICERS OF THE 1ST LIFE GUARDS.



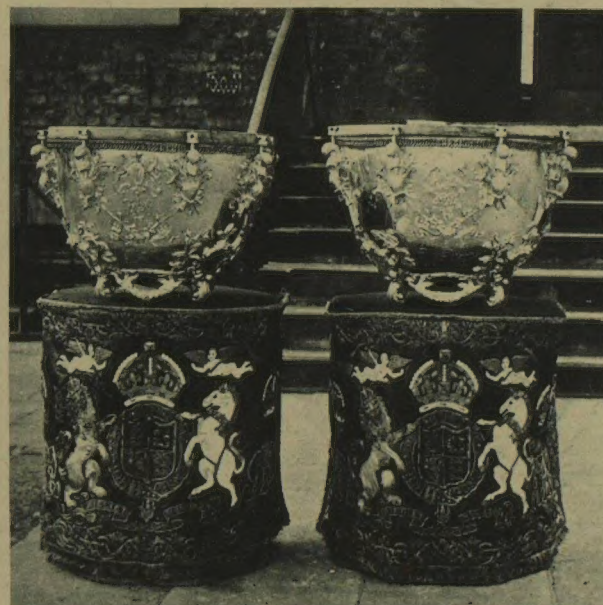
SOUNDED ON "THAT LOUD SABBATH" IN 1815: THE WATERLOO BUGLE OF THE 1ST LIFE GUARDS.



AT THE HEADQUARTERS OF THE 1ST LIFE GUARDS, NOW TO UNITE WITH THE 2ND LIFE GUARDS AS ONE REGIMENT: THE ANTE-ROOM OF THE OFFICERS' MESS.



TREASURED POSSESSIONS OF A GREAT REGIMENT WITH A MAGNIFICENT RECORD: THE PLATE OF THE OFFICERS' MESS OF THE 1ST LIFE GUARDS.



PRESENTED BY WILLIAM IV.: THE SILVER DRUMS OF THE 1ST LIFE GUARDS.

Under the scheme for reductions in the establishment of the Household Cavalry, approved by the King, the 1st and 2nd Life Guards will form one regiment of four squadrons, and the composite regiment will be known as "The Life Guards." At the same time it was arranged that the number of regiments of cavalry of the line should be reduced to eight. Each composite regiment will be treated as a complete regiment, but each of its squadrons will retain the name of its regiment of origin so as to preserve its identity. The top photograph, taken in 1920, is the last group taken of officers of the 1st Life Guards, among whom there have not since been many changes. The names are as follows: Back row—

Lt. J. A. C. Emmet, Capt. Viscount Althorp, Surg.-Capt. E. D. Anderson, Lt. W. H. R. Broughton, Lt. S. G. Coggins, Vet.-Capt. G. Rees Mogg, O.B.E., Lt. P. Astley, M.C., Capt. F. B. Bibby, Lt. E. H. Brassey, Lt. the Marquess of Blandford, Capt. and Qr.-Mr. W. N. Dearnley, and Lt. Miller. Middle row—Capt. the Earl of Caledon, Major E. H. Wyndham, M.C., Surg.-Major E. T. H. Luxmoore, M.C., Lt.-Col. Hon. G. V. A. Monckton-Arundell, D.S.O., Col. Hon. E. S. Wyndham, D.S.O., Major L. H. Hardy, M.C., Capt. Lord Somers, D.S.O., Capt. and Adj. A. N. F. Spicer, and R. L. Loyd, O.B.E., M.C. Front row—Lt. Hon. B. A. A. Ogilvy, M.C., Lt. R. C. H. Jenkinson, Lt. W. Filmer-Sankey, and Lt. Hon. A. M. A. Baillie.

BOOKS OF THE DAY

By J. D. SYMON.

A CONTEMPORARY periodical, cheerfully blowing its own trumpet in an advertisement, claims to be the paper that "makes politics a pleasure." The claim is doubtless well founded; but the journal in question has no monopoly. There is another Richmond in the field in the shape of a Book of the Day, in fact, the Book of the Day in the department of political and social history, a work which combines the highest authority with the most compelling charm. Passing reference to its excellence and importance has already been made here, but "BRITISH HISTORY IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY," by Mr. George Macaulay Trevelyan (Longmans; 12s. 6d.), cannot be dismissed in a brief note. No excuse is necessary for returning to the subject; on the contrary, there would have been no excuse for the reviewer who rested content with giving this supremely important work a few inadequate lines of notice.

Apart from its matter and manner, the book is interesting for the tradition of its authorship. The son of Sir George Trevelyan and the great-nephew of Macaulay has already established himself firmly among the historians, and has more than justified his heredity. He has laid a large following of readers under a debt of gratitude for his studies of the struggle for Italian Independence, and his "Lord Grey of the Reform Bill," to mention only a few of the works in which he has proved his power to satisfy the critic and to attract the general reader. In his new volume he has undertaken something different and more exacting. Instead of enlarging upon an incident or a life, he has seized upon an extended period of history, bewildering in its complexity, and has wrought the whole into a closely woven web, relatively of small compass, but so justly contrived that no essential thread is omitted or misplaced. It is the continuity of those threads, with their masterly evaluation, recurrence, and development in due time, that constitutes one of the chief charms of the book, which may be compared to a study in musical *Leitmotive*; and the general effect to a piece of Wagnerian counterpoint, where a multitude of opposed and apparently confused voices resolve themselves at last into harmonious meaning.

Mr. Trevelyan has done no small service to the present introspective age—an age that amid innumerable distractions seeks to account for itself to itself, and retires in perplexity from the task—by setting before it this picture of its own immediate ancestry. It was a work requiring no small courage, to say nothing of knowledge and skill. For the period 1782-1901 presents the historian with difficulties unknown to any previous epoch. During its course invention, man's command over nature, has wrought constant revolutions in the habits of man.

Modern history, beginning from the England of 1780, is a series of dissolving views. In each generation a new economic life half-obliterates a predecessor little older than itself.

The life-time of Sir Walter Scott saw the change, in land transport alone, from the crawling travelling-coach to swift stage-coach, and, again, the eclipse of the latter by steam. That is only one instance. Together with these and other changes, the character of men and women altered also, probably more rapidly than in any previous epoch of our annals. Mr. Trevelyan seeks "to give the sense of continuous growth, to show how economic led to social and social to political change, how the political events reacted on the economic and social, and how new thoughts and new ideals accompanied or directed the whole complicated process."

At the outset, he sketches England on the eve of the Industrial Revolution. When George III. came to the throne, although few had any voice in the government, many had a stake in the country. The manufacturer then was an actual hand-worker, engaged in what we now call village—or cottage—industries (the revival of which is being attempted by hopeful enthusiasts), for the factory, as we know it, was not. He and the agriculturist accepted their lot, asking no questions about the framework of society. "Subsistence agriculture" was the rule in the village. Enclosure had begun, but the "open-field" still

continued in half the English shires. On a few of the new hard roads, "post-chaises with their brisk and pert postilions rattled at ten miles an hour, the wonder of all beholders," but for the most part the old soft roads made travelling possible only to riders and pack-horses. Up to London came endless droves of sheep, cattle, geese and turkeys. "On one road, from Ipswich to London, 150,000 turkeys walked over the Stour bridge each year." In the improvement of roads between 1750 and 1770, Mr. Trevelyan traces "the first unconscious step towards great economic and social change."

Rural England was "governed by the absolute patriarchal sway of the Justice of the Peace, usually a substantial squire, too rich to be corrupt or mean,



AUTHOR OF THE BOOK OF THE DAY—"BRITISH HISTORY IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY": MR. GEORGE MACAULAY TREVELYAN.

Photograph by F. A. Swaine.

too proud to truckle to Government." Squire and parson were generally resident. The aristocracy, within its own circle, favoured education and culture; but no idea of popular education entered its head. The era of Dr. Johnson and Burke was "literary, classical, static." "They thought that the world would remain what they and their fathers had known it. With them time moved so slowly that they thought it stayed withal. A very different experience has taught us to perceive that the forms of our civilisation are transient as the bubbles on a river."

The transition from the static to a condition of flux has become in Mr. Trevelyan's hands no Dryasdust inquiry, but a romance of history. He traces the extinction of the old rural life by the Industrial Revolution, when the development of mechanical power centralised industry in the towns and degraded the worker, who had no means of seeking redress, politically. Tom Paine in the early years of the French Revolution had shown them the way, but working-men considered it disloyal to the Crown to agitate against "Old Corruption." "Either you were for 'the good old King' or else you were set down as a rebel and a Painite." The Foxite-Whigs were confused with *sans-culottes* by the man in the street. Anti-

Jacobinism of the most unreasoning kind became synonymous with patriotism. For a generation Reform had to wait until Grey's opportunity came to redeem a promise he hardly hoped to fulfil. England in the throes of industrial and agricultural re-birth was completely in the hands of the Anti-Jacobin Tories. From the nutshell statement of the whole intricate question given in the present book one turns back with increased pleasure to the author's "Lord Grey of the Reform Bill."

But this book has a scope far beyond British domestic politics. Every home event is examined in the light of foreign relations, and the movement towards a fuller national life keeps pace with the growth of the Imperial idea. The author, like King Robert at Bannockburn, "has an eye to everything." As soon as he has examined the reactions on English politics of economic change and of the French Revolution in its earlier stages, he interposes a chapter on the War with the French Republic, 1793-1802, and deals with it in a lucid summary, dividing the struggle into four periods distinct in character. As a mnemonic, were it nothing else, this arrangement is something for which the student and the general reader alike must be grateful. But it is far more than a mere aid to memory. It brings order out of world-chaos. The Napoleonic War is treated with an equally sure and comprehensive touch.

Mr. Trevelyan's asides are things of price. Speaking of the light blood-tax of the Peninsular War, he links old times with our own by one of his neat flashes of humorous contrast—

At no period had the upper classes been wealthier, or happier, or more engrossed in the life of their pleasant country houses. No young lady of Miss Austen's acquaintance, waiting eagerly for the forthcoming volume of Scott or Byron, seems ever to have asked what Mr. Thorpe or Mr. Tom Bertram was doing during the Great War!

The reference to the pleasant country-house life is one of those leading motives of which the author makes significant use all through his book. It harks back to the initial sketch of the cultivated English aristocracy in the static period, and recalls also Lord Grey's dignified and studious seclusion at Howick after the defeat of his Reform motion. "The denizens of Brooks's Club retired to their country homes to forget the ills of the world in the best of company living and dead—Charles Fox, the Greek and Latin writers, and the English and Italian poets." It would be worth while to go through this British History yet again with no other purpose than to watch how adroitly Mr. Trevelyan keeps all his horses running all the way.

The history abounds in character sketches as brilliant as they are brief. The portraits of the younger Pitt and of Fox are memorable pieces of microcosmography. Brougham's troublesome later phase, not elaborated, is met by one luminous reference to *Punch*. Parnell, in thumbnail, misses no point of gifted and disastrous personality. The story is carried down to the death of Queen Victoria. The closing pages contain an estimate of the Queen and of her period likely to be more permanent than that of those shallow wits who have lately tried to make the name "Victorian" a by-word. Mr. Trevelyan's book, wise, judicious, and learned, might itself have inspired Thackeray's remark upon the rich groundwork of Macaulay's style—

Take at hazard any three pages of the Essays or History, and, glimmering below the stream of the narrative, you, an average reader, see one, two, three, half-a-score of allusions to other historic facts, characters, literature, poetry, with which you are acquainted.

Your neighbour, who has his reading and his little stock of literature stowed away in his mind, shall detect more points, allusions, happy touches, indicating not only the prodigious memory and vast learning of this master, but the wonderful industry, the honest, humble previous toil of this great scholar. He reads twenty books to write a sentence; he travels a hundred miles to make a line of description.

ETON COLLEGE

PART II



ETON WAR MEMORIALS: (1) THE SCHOOL HALL AND LIBRARY IN MEMORY OF OLD BOYS KILLED IN SOUTH AFRICA : (2) AND (3) THE COLONNADE AND GATEWAY FRIEZE COMMEMORATING 1157 ETONIANS FALLEN IN THE GREAT WAR.

We continue and conclude in this number the series of drawings of Eton College begun in our issue of June 10. As in the days of Waterloo, the sons of Eton have ever been to the fore in fighting their country's battles. In the Great War, 5660 Etonians served, and of these 1157 laid down their lives. The names of the fallen are inscribed on the bronze frieze that runs the whole length of the colonnade under Upper School, forming—together with a carved oak ceiling also placed there and altars in the chapel—the visible portion of the school's war

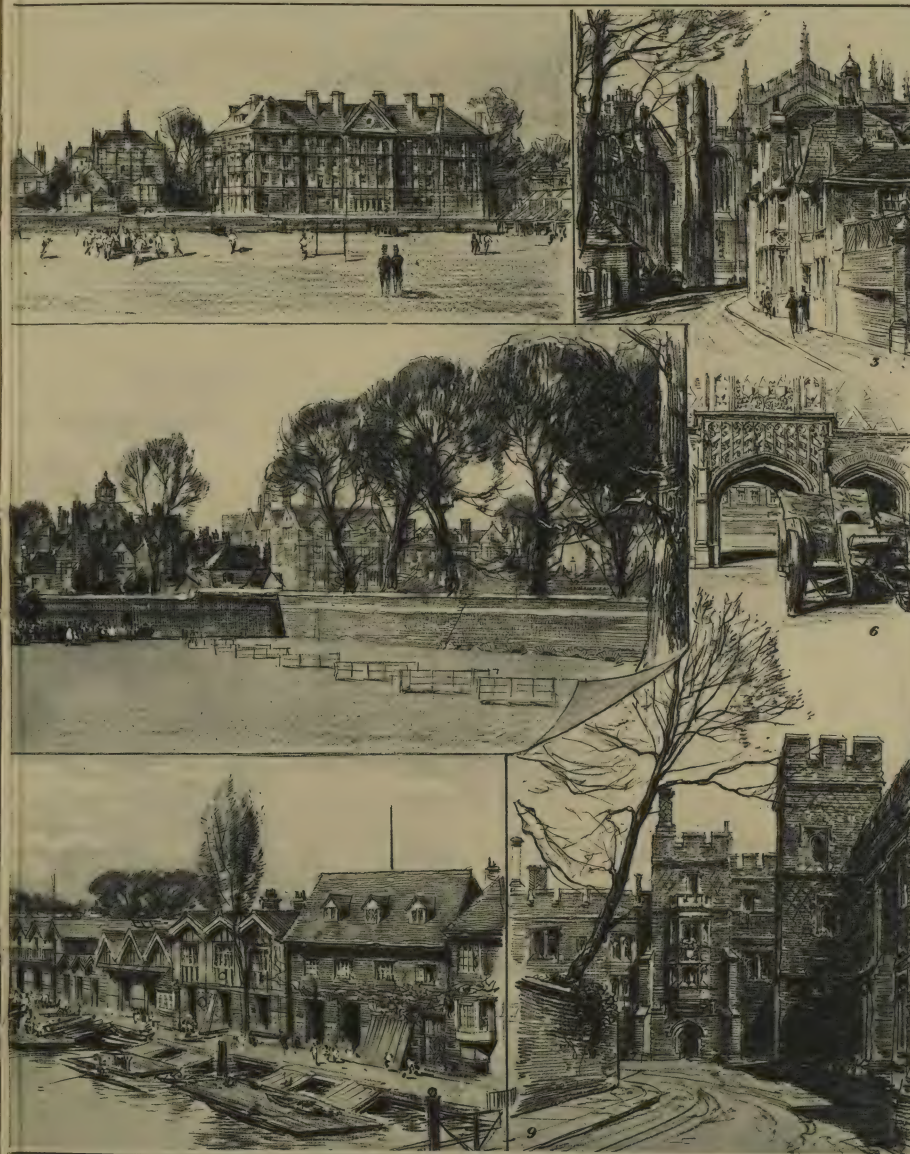
memorial. The unveiling ceremony took place on December 6 last, the five-hundredth anniversary of Founder's Day at Eton, and was illustrated in our issue of December 17. The greater part of the money subscribed to the memorial fund was set aside to provide bursaries and endowments for the sons of Old Etonians who fell or suffered in the war, and for other school purposes. The old boys who fell in the South African War are commemorated by the School Hall and Library, which were opened by King Edward VII. in 1908.

"THE KING'S COLLEGE OF OUR LADY OF ETON BESIDE

DRAWINGS SPECIALLY MADE FOR "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" BY

WYNDSOR": THE FAMOUS FOUNDATION OF HENRY VI.

HENRY C. BREWER, R.I. (COPYRIGHTED IN THE UNITED STATES AND CANADA.)



ETON COLLEGE: (1) THE HOME OF "POP" (THE ETON SOCIETY)—THE OLD CHRISTOPHER OF THE FOUNDER, HENRY VI.; (5) THE FIELD OF THE WALL GAME; (6) ENTRANCE

The Eton and Harrow cricket match has just brought the two leading public schools to the front in topical interest, and these drawings of Eton (continued from our issue of June 10) are, therefore, a timely reminder of school memories. Harrow will be similarly treated in a later number. As to the history of Eton, we may recall that King Henry VI., in 1441, when he was nineteen, granted the original charter to "The King's College of Our Lady of Eton beside WyndSOR". Regarding the top left illustration, the artist notes: "The Old Christopher Inn was the principal inn at Eton, and many celebrities stayed there on visits to the college. Now it is one of the boarding houses. The Eton Society (better known to Etonians as 'Pop') holds its meetings in the ground floor room on the left. Formerly the room facing it was their meeting-place." Of the long drawing in the centre, Mr. Brewer says: "To the right is the

INN; (2) SIXPENNY FIELD AND MASTERS' HOUSES; (3) KEATE'S LANE; (4) THE STATUE TO NEW SCHOOLS; (7) CLOISTERS; (8) BOAT-HOUSES; (9) WESTON'S YARD.

wall against which is played the famous Wall Game. The goals are marked by the tree on the extreme left and the small doorway in the wall at right angles. In the space by the angle of the wall fights between boys used to take place." Describing these fights in his delightful book, "Flores Etona," Mr. Ralph Nevill writes: "'Sixpenny Corner,' at the angle where the wall game now takes place, was the traditional scene of battle, and here the great Duke of Wellington, as little Arthur Wellesley, fought Bobus Smith, brother of Sydney Smith. . . . Shelley (the centenary of whose death has just occurred) is said to have received a severe thrashing from little Sir Thomas Styles. During another fight the youthful poet refused to rest on the knee of his second, preferring to stride round the ring quoting Homer! No wonder the boys used to call him 'mad Shelley.'"

CONTAINING A NEW WAR MEMORIAL ALTAR: ETON COLLEGE CHAPEL.

Drawings Specially Made for "The Illustrated London News" by Henry C. Brewer, R.I. (Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.)



FOUNDED BY HENRY VI. IN PERSON IN 1441, AND IN 1847 SUBJECTED TO AN "ORGY OF ICONOCLASM": THE INTERIOR OF ETON COLLEGE CHAPEL.

The foundation-stone of Eton College Chapel was laid by Henry VI. in person on Passion Sunday in the year 1441. An interesting account of the building and its subsequent history is given in "Floreat Etona," by Mr. Ralph Nevill, who denounces unsparingly the so-called restoration in 1847, as "a terrible act of vandalism, only exceeded in lack of taste by the alterations carried out at the sister college of Winchester some thirty years later. . . .

Besides the tearing down of the fine old panelling (in Eton College Chapel) and the partial destruction of ancient frescoes, in all probability a quantity of other interesting old work was destroyed at the orgy of iconoclasm of 1847." A modern Etonian who visited Eton recently mentions the new altar in the Chapel as "A memorial truly worthy of those whom it recalls. Its beauty is its simplicity." This altar and a side-chapel form part of the school war memorial.

ETON AND HARROW DRAW: JUPITER PLUVIUS MARS A GOOD MATCH.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY SPORT AND GENERAL.



HIGHEST SCORER FOR ETON WITH 66: LORD DUNGLASS GETS A BALL AWAY TO THE LEG BOUNDARY OFF F. O. G. LLOYD.



A CLEAR CASE: J. G. B. ARKWRIGHT (ETON) STUMPED BY P. H. STEWART-BROWN, THE HARROW WICKET-KEEPER, AFTER MAKING 22.



RESTRICTED BY RAIN TO ONE DAY'S PLAY, WHICH LEFT ETON AHEAD ON THE FIRST INNINGS: THE ETON AND HARROW TEAMS TOGETHER.



THE ETON WICKET-KEEPER AT WORK: AN UNSUCCESSFUL ATTEMPT TO STUMP I. G. COLLINS (HARROW) OFF M. R. BRIDGEMAN.



NOT A CATCH, AS THE BALL CAME OFF THE GROUND: E. W. DAWSON (ETON), WHO MADE 43, PLAYS TO SHORT LEG.

Rain prevented any play on the first day (July 14) of the Eton and Harrow match at Lord's, and therefore, as the result of the second day's play showed, an interesting contest between two good and evenly matched sides could not be brought to a decisive conclusion. As it was, there was an exciting struggle for the honour of being ahead on the first innings, which fell to Eton. They went in first, and declared their innings closed after making 190 for 9 wickets. To this total Lord Dunglass contributed 66, and E. W. Dawson 43. Harrow were

all out for 184, only 6 runs behind. Their chief run-getters were two of three members of the same family included in the team—C. S. Crawley, who made 67 not out, and L. G. Crawley, whose score was 53. In the combined group of teams the Harrow men are distinguished by striped caps. Portraits of the members of the two teams (except F. O. G. Lloyd, of Harrow) appeared in our issue of July 15. Out of 93 matches that have now been played between the two schools, Eton have won 39, Harrow 35, and 19 have been drawn.

WHERE GOODWOOD EXCITES INTEREST: THE DERBY WINNER'S HOME.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY SPORT AND GENERAL.



THE HOME OF A FAMOUS TRAINER OF RACEHORSES: BECKHAMPTON HOUSE, NEAR DEVIZES, THE RESIDENCE OF MR. FRED DARLING.



A TRAINING ESTABLISHMENT THAT HAS PRODUCED MANY WINNERS: MR. FRED DARLING'S RACING STABLES AT BECKHAMPTON HOUSE.



WHERE MR. FRED DARLING TRAINS FOR LORD GLANELY, LORD WOOLAVINGTON, LORD ILCHESTER, AND MR. C. BOWER ISMAY: BECKHAMPTON—A "STRING" ON THEIR WAY TO THE DOWNS FOR EXERCISE.



WITH CAPTAIN CUTTLE THE WINNER OF THIS YEAR'S DERBY: LORD WOOLAVINGTON (OWNER) AND MR. FRED DARLING (TRAINER), AT BECKHAMPTON.



ONE OF THE NOTABLE HORSES TRAINED BY MR. FRED DARLING AT THE BECKHAMPTON RACING STABLES: LORD GLANELY'S DRAKE'S DRUM.

Nowhere do the prospects of an important race-meeting such as Goodwood (to be held from July 25 to 28) arouse keener interest and discussion than at the great training centres, among which Beckhampton House Stables rank high. Mr. Fred Darling took charge of them when his father, the late Mr. Sam Darling, retired at the end of 1913, and, like him, has continued to turn out many winners. Of late years he has trained chiefly for Lord Glanely, Lord Woolavington, Lord Ilchester, and Mr. C. Bower Ismay. Lord Woolavington, formerly known as Sir James Buchanan, won the Derby this year with his Captain Cuttle (S. Donoghue

up). He has won numerous other races, including the Goodwood Cup in 1912, with Tullibardine; the St. Leger in 1916, with Hurry On; and the Cesarewitch in 1902, with Black Sand. Lord Glanely's Grand Parade won the Derby in 1919. Other famous racing establishments recently illustrated in these pages have been those at Egerton House, Newmarket, where Mr. Richard Marsh trains for the King (see our issue for May 27 last), and Mr. J. B. Joel's stud farm at Childwickbury, in the number for June 17. Beckhampton is about seven miles from Devizes and twelve from Swindon.

NEW ROMAN-BRITISH MOSAICS: A GREAT "FIND" AT CIRENCESTER.

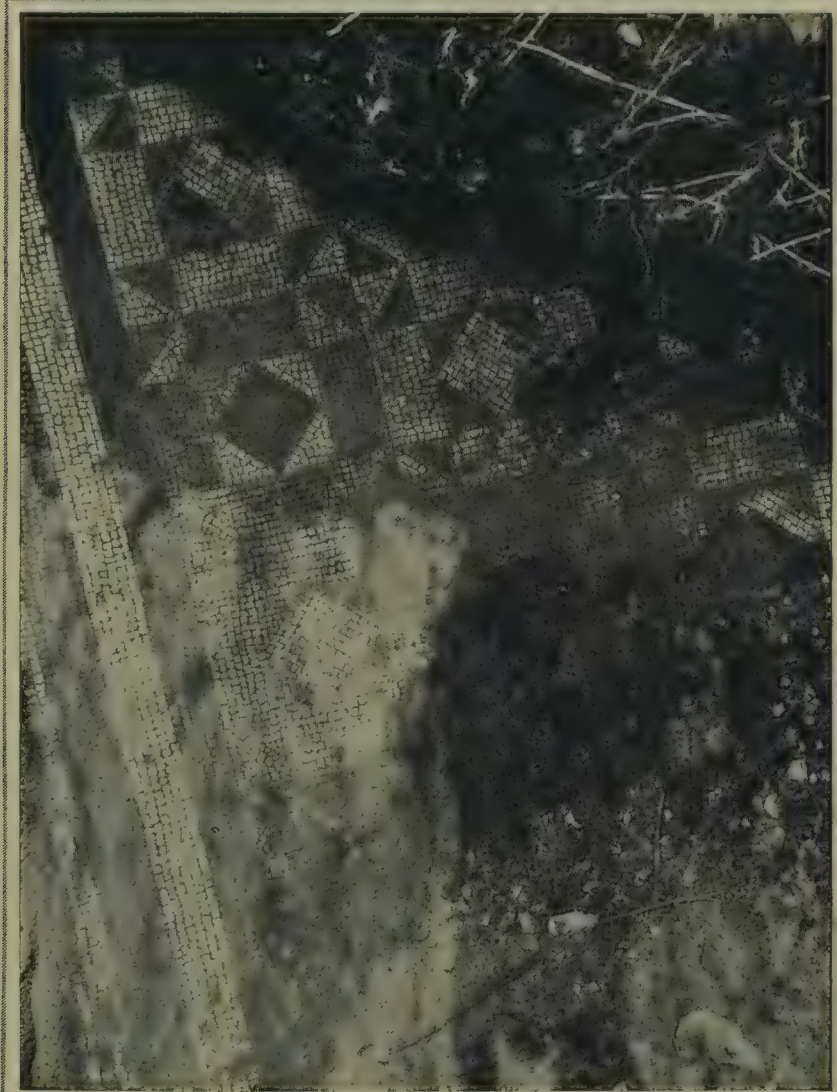
PHOTOGRAPHS BY W. DENNIS MOSS (CIRENCESTER).



1. WITH TRIPLE BORDER INCLUDING *GUILLOCHE* AND GREEK KEY DESIGN: A MOSAIC PAVEMENT IN A SECOND-CENTURY ROMAN-BRITISH HOUSE.

THE extraordinarily interesting discovery here illustrated shows what treasures of ancient art may still lie buried under the storied soil of England. Describing the circumstances of the "find" and its results, Mr. St. Clair Baddeley writes: "Late in February last, when sinking a well adjacent to a bungalow being constructed at a site in the Victoria Road, or east end of Cirencester, for Mr. Owens, jun., the workmen met with mosaic pavement at less than four feet from the surface. (Photograph No. 4.) By courtesy of the owners, and of the contractors, Messrs. Coslett and Lea, being invited to inspect it, I was presently led to the conjecture that

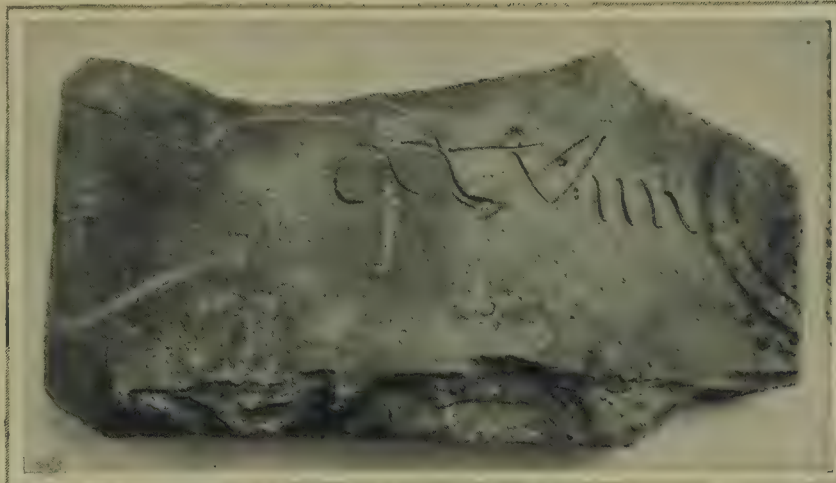
[Continued opposite.



3. SHOWING "BEAUTIFUL TECHNIQUE, BOTH OF THE *TESSERÆ* AND OF THEIR LAYING DOWN": A MOSAIC PAVEMENT OF GEOMETRICAL PATTERN—A SECTION IN DETAIL.

[Continued.]

to look expectantly, and I was not disappointed. For when these were drawn out of the débris by Mr. Coslett for me, there appeared every known type of Cirencester lettered brick-stamp, and the one (in especial) which I had hoped for, the long-supposed (and totally misinterpreted) 'I.H.S.' of the Bathurst and the Cripps Museums here, and which was made to figure in the Victorian County History of Gloucestershire as evidence of early Christianity. Several examples of it now came to hand—not imperfect ones like those above mentioned, but showing fully and plainly 'L.H.S.,' no doubt merely representing the mark of a particular licensed



2. WITH A UNIQUE INSCRIPTION: ONE OF MANY ROMAN-BRITISH TILES FOUND DURING THE EXCAVATIONS. (16½ IN. BY 8 IN.)

[Continued.]

the pavement probably belongs to a surrounding corridor to the court of a superior late second-century house. The white, geometrical pavement, having a simple broad border of brilliant brick-red *tesserae*, was found to extend several feet, and then give out, but it was now seen to be limited by the lower courses of a good wall. Struck by the apparent confirmation of the corridor hypothesis, it now became our object to get to work beyond that wall, or north-east of it. As the enlightened proprietors were quite willing, and we were only to be limited by the too-vigorous young apple-trees (which were, alas! also too numerous to satisfy archaeological aspirations), of some six years standing, the spade-work quickly showed a fresh wall running off at right-angles to the first, and we at once passed into the south-western angle of a large room having a triple-bordered mosaic—a sure sign of the importance of the chamber. As shown in Photograph No. 1, this consists of a simple white-and-red exterior border followed secondly by a broad and bold *guilloche* of red, white, and blue *tesserae*. Then comes, thirdly, a bold border of the Greek 'key.' From this sprang towards the inner area of the floor a series of bold semi-circles of key-border and *guilloche* inverting the outer order; and in the centre of the room, until stopped-off by an apple-tree, it was made certain that this was occupied by a complete circle, which may or may not have contained a figure, but which was framed similarly by the same classic borders. The refreshing element here—and it was evidenced in every room opened so far—was the beautiful technique both of the *tesserae* and their laying down. In addition we found, (what we have not noticed hitherto on mosaics of this district) the use of two distinct blues, a light and a dark, and also a deep and distinct purple. Further, the red-tile *tesserae* were of brighter tint than is usual. The general level of technique is superior even to that at Chedworth Villa. Passing over the wall (about 1 ft. 4 in. high), we now met with two other adjoining rooms, each of them having a good pavement of like quality, but of still more geometrical design (Photographs 1 and 4, on left). In addition to these interesting appearances, the soil above these was seen to be full of fallen Roman-British tiles: upon which I was inclined

[Continued below.



4. DISCOVERED WITHIN FOUR FEET OF THE SURFACE WHILE SINKING A WELL FOR A NEW BUNGALOW AT CIRENCESTER: A GENERAL VIEW OF THE MOSAIC PAVEMENTS, WITH THE APPLE-TREES THAT CHECKED EXCAVATIONS

local brick-maker of the second or third century. We have, consequently, now been able to give duplicates of these perfect examples to the Museum at Cheltenham, and to the County one at Gloucester. That these rooms represent a first-class Roman-British town house of the late second century, which covered the two or three neighbouring plots of garden and modern houses, goes without saying; and it is much to be regretted that these cannot be further and fully explored, and thereafter kept as a show Cirencester treasure. However, they will be carefully guarded and cared for, and kept 'in situ.'

THE MOUNTBATTEN-ASHLEY WEDDING: THE BRIDE.

PORTRAIT BY BERTRAM PARK; COLOUR-PRINT BY YVONNE PARK.



MISS EDWINA ASHLEY.

Miss Ashley is the elder daughter of Lieut.-Colonel Wilfrid William Ashley, M.P. (Conservative) for the Fylde Division of Lancashire, eldest son of the late Rt. Hon. Evelyn Ashley and grandson of the seventh Earl of Shaftesbury. Her mother, who was Colonel Ashley's first wife and died in 1911, was the only child of the

late Sir Ernest Cassel, the famous financier. Miss Ashley has inherited a large proportion of Sir Ernest Cassel's fortune, and is reputed to be one of the richest heiresses in the country. Her wedding was arranged to take place at St. Margaret's, Westminster, and the reception at Brook House, Park Lane.

THE MOUNTBATTEN-ASHLEY WEDDING: THE BRIDEGROOM.

FROM THE PORTRAIT BY JOHN ST. HELIER LANDER.



LIEUTENANT LORD LOUIS MOUNTBATTEN, M.V.O., R.N.

Lord Louis Mountbatten is a son of the late Marquess of Milford Haven (formerly known as Prince Louis of Battenberg), and brother of the present Marquess. He was born on June 25, 1900, and is therefore just twenty-two. After entering the Navy, he served in the war, from 1916 to 1918, when he became a Sub-Lieutenant. In 1921

he was promoted to Acting-Lieutenant. He was on the staff of H.R.H. the Prince of Wales during his Australian tour of 1920, and again during the recently completed tour to India and Japan. The Prince of Wales arranged to act as his best man at the wedding, in the presence of the King and Queen.

THE BRIDE OF A PERFECT MATCH: A GAINSBOROUGH.

FORMERLY IN THE POSSESSION OF THE LATE MR LEOPOLD DE ROTHSCHILD



AN ANCESTRESS OF THE OWNER OF GOODWOOD: A PORTRAIT OF MARY BRUCE,
DUCHESS OF RICHMOND, BY THOMAS GAINSBOROUGH.

The subject of the above picture was Lady Mary Bruce, the only child of Charles, third Earl of Ailesbury and fourth Earl of Elgin, by his third wife, Lady Caroline Campbell, only daughter of John, fourth Duke of Argyll. On April 1, 1757, she married Charles, third Duke of Richmond and Lennox, a famous diplomatist and statesman. Walpole described the marriage as "the perfectest match in the world—youth, beauty, riches, alliances,

and all the blood of the Kings from Bruce to Charles II. They are the prettiest couple in England, except the father-in-law and mother." The Duchess died at Goodwood on November 5, 1796, without issue, and was buried in Chichester Cathedral on the 14th of that month. This portrait of her was exhibited at the second National Loan Exhibition (Woman and Child in Art), at the Grosvenor Galleries in 1914.

The Best of the Book

SKIPPING, TENNIS, AND GOLF IN 5½ LB. BOOTS! THE TRAINED MOUNTAINEER.*

TEN months in the year Samuel Turner, merchant, gives to business. The other two he devotes to the passion of his life—mountaineering. He alone has made a solitary climb to the topmost point of Aorangi, the "Cloud-Piercer," of the Maoris, commonly called Mount Cook.

Now, "Mount Cook, 12,349 feet above sea-level, has three summits, which form a ridge one mile

height that the will-power and accuracy come in. I have a pair of gloves on, with plaster round the inside joint of my first and second finger of each hand, and skip with wrist action, with the rope just tight enough to control, but the arms are not used much. After finishing a skip with both feet together, I change into all kinds of skipping to loosen up; but for ordinary every-day effort I skip 1000 in five minutes occasionally, and the effort necessary to do this gives me a good idea of my condition. In the same way I have certain climbs which I do every year at a certain speed, which also indicates one's year-to-year condition. As one gets on in life these tests become more necessary, so that the climber will not be found wanting on the mountain or a big journey which might prove fatal."

Such scientific skipping, it may be remarked, was perfected only after blunders had been corrected. In 1912 Mr. Turner had cause to know that there are right ways and wrong. He was climbing Mount Sealy. "Pulling myself up with both arms to the summit rocks," he writes, "I took cramp in both my hips at the same moment, which made it difficult for me to hold on and get on to the ledge of rock on the summit. This cramp was evidently caused by excessive skipping, making one set of muscles too hard as compared with others. I altered my system of skipping and training after this."

Physical "jerks" are not, however, the only secret of success in the New Zealand Alps. Amongst other things, weather is an all-important factor.

Mr. Turner has several notes on this point. One of them reads: "The sudden changes of weather are certainly the most serious drawback to the climbing in New Zealand. The sudden changes of mountain conditions are also very awkward things to encounter on these climbs. The warm wind from Australia comes across the Tasman Sea filled with

salt from contact with the sea. It deposits its moist-laden clouds on the snow and ice slopes, and suddenly changes good snow into bad. It is these very hot winds that often break up the ice so quickly about the beginning of March and make what is a simple walk up the Hooker Glacier in January a very difficult ice-climb in March."

Again: "The great difficulty in successfully reaching most of the summits of the New Zealand Alps is due to the uncertainty of the weather and the sudden winter storms, without anything but the most delicate warnings of their approach. The most lovely, calm, perfect day that it would be possible to describe very often precedes bad weather by a few hours. The snowfall, even in the middle of the summer, at times is very heavy and comes down to about 2000 feet, and it is a thing to be reckoned with. New Zealand glaciers flow down to nearly sea-level, which is evidence of both latitude and very heavy snowfall."

By such knowledge and by such strict training Mr. Turner, who is a non-smoker and a teetotaler, has won his way, season after season; but added are, of course, a natural aptitude for mountaineering, cautious courage, a quick brain, a healthy respect for Nature and her moods, realisation that "slow climbing unlocks the nearly impossible," and, especially, the gift of balance.

The dangers that beset the path of the adventurous are familiar to him. There is, for example, his remarkable story of that tragedy on the Mount Cook Range which led to the deaths of Mr. S. L. King and the Guides Darby Thomson and J. Richmond, in February 1914, and is recalled by the disastrous end by avalanche-fall of the attempt on Everest.

The body of Richmond was found. Mr. Turner reconstructs: "The party were not sitting down for refreshments, which is proved by the rucksack being tied, with a crushed tin of pineapple and two drinking-cups inside. The avalanche ice had dropped quite 1000 feet on to the steep slopes below the divide north of Mount Dampier. It did not drop on to the body of Guide Richmond, but having dropped on the steep slopes above it would sink into the snow four or five feet and push the snow before it, and this caused a snow

avalanche, big enough to carry Mr. King's party to their destruction.

"The smaller blocks of ice would bound over the snow and render them unconscious or kill them almost instantaneously while they were on the avalanche snow. When the avalanche snow found resistance at the bottom of the glacier near Mount Cook buttress, the force would so compress the snow as to turn it almost into ice, and so crush them in a mould of hard snow nearly as hard as ice. . . . The head had left a mould in the hard snow in the wall of the top crevasse, and this mould was the exact cast of Richmond's features. I noticed particularly when helping to dig the body out with the ice-axe that the coat and rucksack, also the clothes on the body, had been compressed into the hard snow, now almost ice. The Guide's goggles were not even cracked, although he had been wearing them at the time of the accident; but the tin of pineapple was crushed to nearly the shape of a brick."

A very notable comment follows, on a matter of much moment. Mr. Turner notes: "I have made a study of the glacier's movements during six years, from 1914 to 1919, from which I have tried to form a rough idea of about the date the missing bodies may reappear, and have formed the opinion, after careful thought, that between 1934 and 1939 articles belonging to the missing men, such as rucksacks, ice-axes, the stereoscopic camera carried by Mr. King, caps, etc., will commence to reappear on the moraine of the Hochstetter Glacier; and the bodies, if not buried too deep, will also reappear on this glacier within about two miles of the Ball Hut; but if the bodies are buried very deep, they may be locked deep in the ice, and as the Hochstetter Icefall carries them down, it may not bring them to the surface, in which case they may not come out for forty to fifty years lower down on the lateral moraine of the Tasman Glacier."

Grim commentary on those who underestimate the difficulty of climbing Mount Cook, "because several ladies have reached the summit, with, in most cases, two Guides, or two Guides and an amateur. Any one of these climbs might be the result of the Chief Guide and all the Guides and porters watching Mount Cook all the season to get the conditions; and there have probably been fifty ladies waiting for years to climb Mount Cook."

Mr. Turner is assured of a large audience. His fellow-mountaineers will follow the technicalities of of his book with the attention they deserve. The



FROM THE SECOND SUMMIT:
THE HIGHEST SUMMIT OF MOUNT
COOK.



FROM THE HIGHEST SUMMIT:
THE SECOND SUMMIT OF MOUNT
COOK.

Reproduced from "The Conquest of the New Zealand Alps," by Courtesy
of the Publisher, Mr. T. Fisher Unwin.

and a half long, and each summit is higher than the next highest mountain in New Zealand (Mount Tasman). If Mount Cook is judged by the height of its summits from the valley, it is a bigger mountain than any of the Swiss Alps, which might be 3000 feet higher above sea-level."

Its conquest by a man climbing by himself was no mean achievement; and it resulted largely from strenuous skipping!

"While training," writes Mr. Turner, "I made a world's one-hour non-stop record of 10,100 without stopping the rope, the previous record being held by Mr. Paget, Kensington (Melbourne) Physical Culture School, 9,514 skips in one hour. To enable the reader to see what a lot of energy is necessary to climb Mount Cook, which takes twenty-four to twenty-six hours by the strongest party from the last resting-place, I made two traverses of Mount Egmont in just on eight and a half hours. That was a climb of 10,400 feet up and 10,400 feet down, but it took me twenty-six hours to climb Mount Cook from the last resting-place. Step-cutting endurance has been cultivated by winter climbs on Mount Egmont, giving me eight to nine hours step-cutting without a rest on many occasions."

That was but part of the preparation. Even skipping for records was insufficient. "Skipping," notes our enthusiast, "has come into great prominence with the business man, because five minutes every morning is all that one needs to keep fit. To most athletes it is a test of endurance, but for mountain-climbing it is not severe enough in light boots, and I play tennis and skip in my mountain boots, 5½ lb. weight the pair. This, together with ball-punching, tree- or wood-chopping, and several kinds of Swedish exercises, besides walks and climbs all the year round, keep me fit. Playing golf in my mountain boots and quickening the pace gives me the use of the boots, and enables me to work in the new pair which I purchase every year."

This is how the skipping is done.

"When skipping, mostly with both feet together, I select a small stationary object and fix my eye on it, and my feet do not move more than about two square feet. My skipping-rope is a piece of log-line, with a knot at each end, well soaped or greased in the part that slips under the feet. I do not rise above three-quarters of an inch, and the rope is three-eighths of an inch in diameter, and it is in keeping this exact

* "The Conquest of the New Zealand Alps." By Samuel Turner, F.R.G.S. Illustrated. (T. Fisher Unwin, Ltd.; 21s. net.)



THE ONLY MAN WHO HAS CLIMBED MOUNT COOK ALONE.
MR. SAMUEL TURNER—AND THE TASMAN FACE OF THE MOUNTAIN.

Reproduced from "The Conquest of the New Zealand Alps," by Courtesy
of the Publisher, Mr. T. Fisher Unwin.

"rabbits" in such matters will read with envy and desire to emulate. The non-climbers will revel in a record of a sport that is ever-fascinating, and one day, perhaps, be egged on to imitate those ascents which end in the triumphant "I left my record on the summit."

E. H. G.

THE MOST WONDERFUL DOLL'S HOUSE EVER BUILT TITANIA'S PALACE—A MICROCOSM OF ITALIAN ART.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY
G. C. DERESFORD.



WITH A POSTAGE STAMP ON THE WALL TO INDICATE SIZE: MINIATURE FURNITURE FOR TITANIA'S PALACE.



PRESENTED BY THE QUEEN FOR TITANIA'S PALACE: A TINY LIMOGES TEA SET AND TOILET SERVICE—SHOWING LADY BEATRIX WILKINSON'S HAND HOLDING THE TEA-POT.



MADE BY MAJOR SIR NEVILLE WILKINSON, ULSTER KING OF ARMS: TITANIA'S PALACE—A CORNER OF THE ROYAL DINING-ROOM.



LILLIPUTIAN STATUARY FOR TITANIA'S PALACE: WITH A POSTAGE STAMP INDICATING SIZE.



WROUGHT FOR TITANIA'S PALACE: MINIATURE ORNAMENTS, WITH A POSTAGE STAMP TO INDICATE THEIR DIMINUTIVE SIZE.



SHOWING THE LIMOGES TEA AND TOILET SETS GIVEN BY THE QUEEN (SEEN ALSO IN THE SECOND ILLUSTRATION): THE CHILDREN'S BED-ROOM IN TITANIA'S PALACE.



WARDROBES AND CHAIR FOR TITANIA'S BED-CHAMBER: SIR NEVILLE WILKINSON'S HAND RESTING ON BEAUTIFULLY CARVED FURNITURE MADE BY HIM FOR THE PALACE.



FOR TITANIA'S FAIRY BANQUETS: EXQUISITE GLASS AND CHINA (CF. POSTAGE STAMP FOR SIZE).



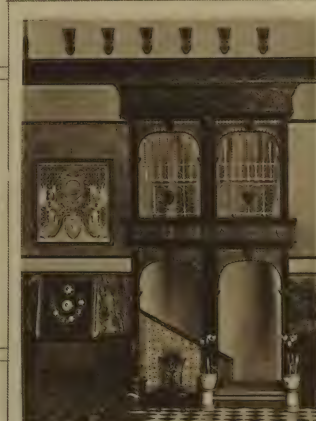
WITH A REREDOS WHICH SIR NEVILLE WILKINSON TOOK FOUR YEARS TO PAINT: THE CHAPEL AND ALTAR.



INSCRIBED WITH THE MOTTO OF THE ORDER OF THE FAIRY KISS—"NIHI SINE LABORE": THE MUSIC GALLERY UNDER CONSTRUCTION.



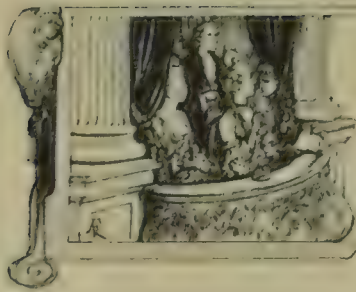
COVERING 60 SQUARE FEET: TITANIA'S PALACE—"TOMMY" OF DUBLIN HELPING TO FINISH IT DURING SIR NEVILLE WILKINSON'S ILLNESS.



SHOWING THE INSIGNIA OF "THE MOST INDUSTRIOUS ORDER OF THE FAIRY KISS": THE HALL OF THE PALACE.

Titania's Palace, whose origin and import were described in our number for February 11 last, is at present on view in the Woman's Exhibition at Olympia. It was designed by Major Sir Neville Wilkinson, Ulster King of Arms, who has devoted all his spare time to it since the war, and has done practically all the interior work himself. The exterior was carried out by Mr. James Hicks and Mr. Thomas Lennon, of Dublin. The palace, which is 2½ ft. high and covers an area of 60 sq. ft., is constructed throughout on a scale of 1 inch to the foot. The tiny furniture and decorations have been wrought with meticulous care and exquisite artistry, and the whole forms, as it were, a microcosm of Florentine art. Her Majesty the Queen was charmed with the Palace when she saw it at Sir Neville's house, and she has presented to Titania various beautiful gifts, including the tiny Limoges china sets here illustrated, and some carved ivory

cabinets. She has also signed her name, in a tiny hand, in the Visitors Book at the private entrance. It should be added that Titania's Palace has been built not only as a labour of love and to foster the arts of craftsmanship, but with a serious and beneficent purpose. The money charged for viewing it goes to the League of Pity, the National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, and the Children's Union, of the Waifs and Strays Society. To help these causes Queen Titania has founded the Most Industrious Order of the Fairy Kiss, open to those who have rendered service to neglected, unhappy, or crippled children. A form of application for membership is given in Sir Neville Wilkinson's delightful book, "Yvette in Italy, and Titania's Palace." After the Woman's Exhibition closes (on July 29), the Palace is to be shown in the provinces, and later in America. On its return, it is to be presented to the nation.



The World of the Theatre

By J. T. GREIN.



PLAYGOERS.

ROUGHLY speaking, playgoers are divided into four categories. There is the playgoer who goes to be amused—or, as I once called him, the "hail-fellow-well-met" playgoer. There is the playgoer who also goes to be amused, but who, while he pays with one hand, holds with the other a pair of scales and carefully weighs whether he has got his money's worth. Him I call the "critical" playgoer. Then there is the playgoer who goes to the theatre after dinner—the one who at the concert, after heavy wines and viands, would soon be sleeping in the hospitable arms of Morpheus, and seeks the play because the laughs and cries—especially the laughs—keep him awake and pleasantly assist his digestion. Finally, there is another class of playgoer—a class with whom the theatrical manager is painfully familiar, a class which he dislikes intensely and despises, but which has become a necessary evil, especially when the box-office shows meagre returns. I mean your habitual and incorrigible "deadhead."

I shall try to analyse, as rapidly as possible, the frame of mind in which all these good folk go to and witness the performance.

No. 1, your "hail-fellow-well-met" playgoer, with all his good-humour, is the best friend of the manager and the greatest enemy of art. He has no taste, no prejudice; he does not want to think very much—and it is a question whether he could. He partakes of everything heartily and joyfully. He does not inquire into quality; he wants quantity, and pronounces the "show" to be extremely good provided that it pleases his ear and, more especially, his eye.

The "hail-fellow-well-met" playgoer is the mainstay of melodrama. He is also the pillar of the society of farce. And when limbs are to be seen his mood is even more enthusiastic than in plays where dresses are long below and high above. The "hail-fellow-well-met" playgoer is a delightful creature in the eyes of the playwright. He will laugh with him and he will cry with him; he finds novelty in the most hackneyed sentiment, and he swallows a "chestnut" as if it were a peach with the bloom of freshness on its cheek. He is a blessing, your "hail-fellow-well-met" playgoer, and the finest trait in his character, which is absolutely conclusive, is that he does not even know when he is bored. He is amused because he wants to be, because he has paid for it, and notably because he is told by the newspapers and reports that there is a fine thing to see. He reminds me in his artistic purliness of a patient of my grandfather, who was a doctor. The patient, an old lady, used to go to church every Sunday, and it was customary with my grandfather to call afterwards to inquire about her real or imaginary ailments, and his usual question was, "Well, how did you like the sermon?" Upon which she replied, "Well, you see, Doctor, I was rather far off, and, sitting behind a pillar, I could neither see him nor hear what he said, but it was beautiful!"

Let us take the "dead-head" next. When I speak about him it would almost seem as if I spoke about myself, for I am a habitual "deadhead." As a journalist, I hardly ever pay at a theatre, and when I thus express my profound contempt for the "paper brigade," it seems almost as if I did not think very much of myself. But then, as there are Romeos and Romeos, so there are "dead-heads" and "deadheads."

The "deadhead" hails mostly from the suburbs. Somebody has presented him with a ticket, or he has obtained it under some pretence. He can afford to pay, but he finds it very amusing to go to the theatre without doing so, and, if I hate a "deadhead," it is not because he has managed to witness a performance for nothing, but because he mostly behaves like the *tricolleuses* did in the Reign of Terror when the victims were brought to the guillotine.

Not only does the "dead-head" (male and female) possess a personality so peculiar that the experienced playgoer spots him immediately among the crowd; not only is he a most ungenerous person who does not applaud in return for the favour he has obtained; but he is a most ungrateful specimen of

humanity who has been called to the rescue, as it were, by the management to fill the empty benches. He is, during the *entr'acte*, the most severe—and let me say the most unjust—detractor both of the play and of the unfortunate man who loses money on it.

Why is this so? For the life of me I cannot understand; nor is it possible for me to fathom the nature of ill-bred people; but those of my readers who under-



MISS GLADYS COOPER IN THE TRIUMPH OF HER CAREER: AS PAULA TANQUERAY (RIGHT) WITH HER STEP-DAUGHTER ELLEAN (MISS MOLLY KERR) IN ACT III. OF "THE SECOND MRS. TANQUERAY," AT THE PLAYHOUSE.

Photograph by Stage Photo, Co.

stand something about the constitution of theatrical audiences will bear testimony that my characterisation is not far wrong.

The "critical" playgoer is a very different sort of man from the "hail-fellow-well-met" variety. He is a person with a strong individuality, with an open mind—perhaps not quite unprejudiced, even leaning a little towards *parti pris*. He is well read, and is sometimes inclined to give vent to his feelings in very strong accentuation.

whether it be the subject or the language or the interpretation. He does not treat scenery and costumes wholly with contempt, but he cares little for them, and his great motto is: "The play's the thing."

The "critical" playgoer is habitually to be found not so much in the stalls or the balcony as in the upper boxes and the pit of the house—hence the name. He musters there in strong force on first nights, and to contemplate the gravity of his countenance before the curtain goes up is simply a study in itself, with a tinge of humour; for he sits there as solemnly as the jury in the box: he has come to listen, to ponder and to weigh, to acquit or condemn.

If he is pleased, he will, at the close of the performance, clap his hands and even frantically hail the players and the author. If he is displeased, he will, according to his ideas of decorum, either go away in silent sadness, or utter that ominous sound which, in the unison of many voices, reminds me strongly of a stormy day at the seaside.

When the play is of importance, and has appeared in print before production, ten to one he has read it. If it is written by a man of earnest intentions—say, a Shaw, a Jones, or a Pinero—he is, from the outset, inclined to be enthusiastic; and, should he be disappointed, he will make an effort to use discretion in his disapproval. If he has listened to the work of a money-spinner, or of a man wasting his talent in commercialism, he is apt to be either extremely severe or extremely good-natured—condescending and indulgent, as a high personage would be to a menial. Hence, for instance, the extremely enthusiastic reception of farces and musical comedies, things which the "critical" playgoer thinks almost too harmless to be considered.

The "critical" playgoer is most interesting between the acts. If you move about in the pit, or, on first nights, in the gallery, you will hear a pronouncement of judgment, a quintessence of opinion, a pungency of dealing with faults and qualities, which not only confound the critical capacities of your official critic, but which, I consider, form a perfect school for a young man who means sooner or later to embrace the critical profession.

The "critical" playgoer has far more influence than many suspect. It is he who has made such institutions as the Court Theatre and the Stage Society possible; it is he who has made it possible that Ibsen's "Ghosts" and Maeterlinck's "Monna Vanna" should, after years of strife, have obtained a license. If you are well acquainted with the types that habitually fill our theatres, you will see his face and hear his voice at every first night of importance. And his voice is well worth listening to, for the "critical" playgoer is often humorous.

I am reminded here of a little French anecdote, the point of which I would fain translate, if in that process it does not lose all its charm. I was in the Théâtre Libre, in the pit, and they were giving a play which was called "Le Pendu"—"The Hanged Man." The scene in progress was to the following effect: An old farmer is in love with and repudiated by his maid, and has hanged himself in the barn. Presently the maid walks in with the farmer's son. They do not know what has happened; they have a little conversation which culminates in a very passionate love scene. Suddenly, in the midst of this wooing, the girl beholds the dangling body. She tries to cry out and faints.

Whereupon, a pretty little Frenchwoman who was sitting behind me, and whom I had often noticed at these performances, exclaimed, loudly enough to be heard several benches away: "Eh bien! Il faut avouer que le moment était décidément mal choisi." ("I must confess that the moment was very badly chosen.") And thereupon the play was done for. Such is the power of the "critical" playgoer. For this witty lady, whose little utterance

was a most perfect outline of what must have been her attitude of mind while the play was proceeding, undoubtedly came into the category with which I have been dealing.

[TO BE CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.]

[Our Music Article will be found on Page 148.]

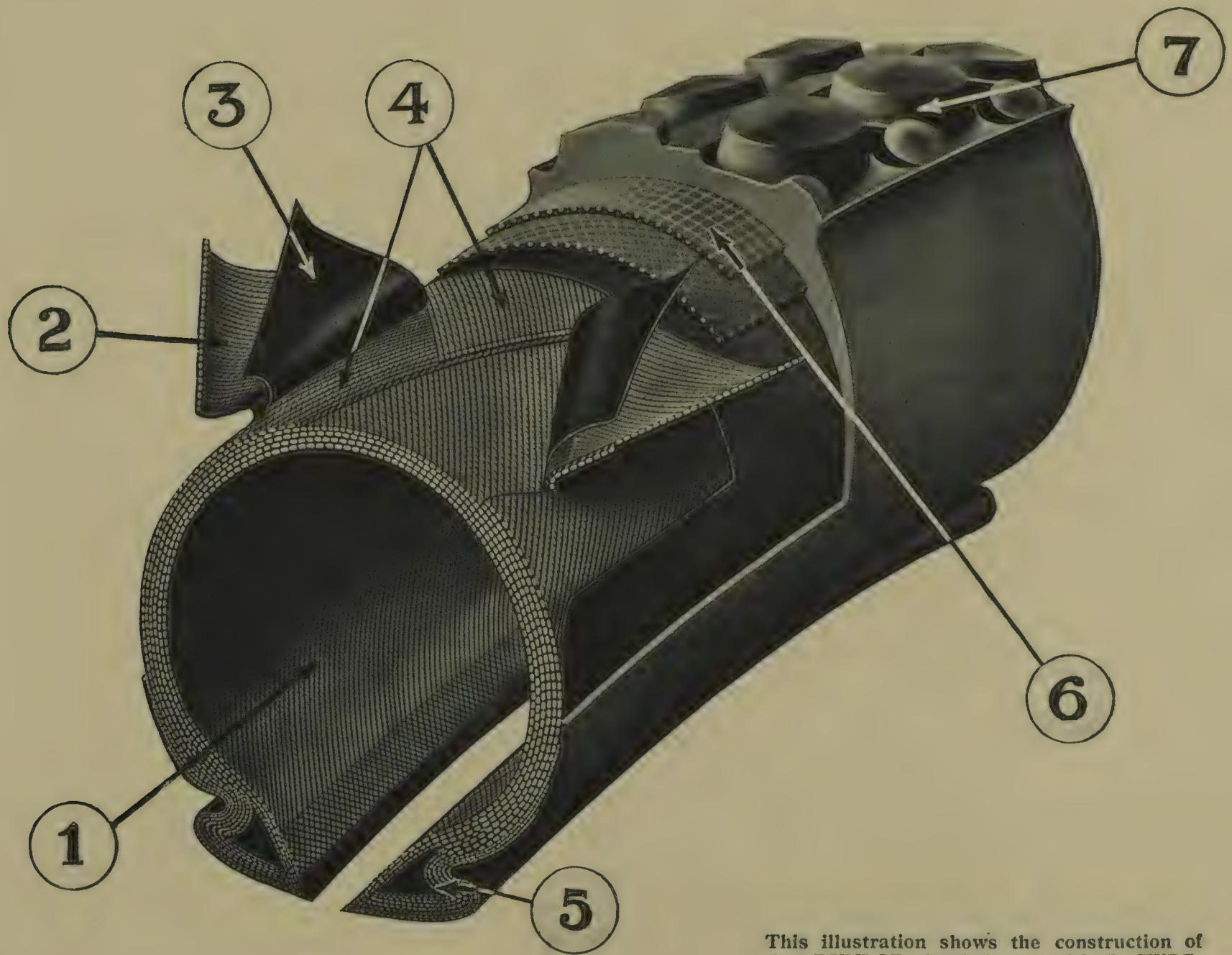


"THE SECOND MRS. TANQUERAY," AT THE PLAYHOUSE: (L. TO R.) CAYLEY DRUMMLE (MR. GILBERT HARE), MRS. CORTELYON (MISS FAY DAVIS), ELLEAN (MISS MOLLY KERR), AUBREY TANQUERAY (MR. DENNIS EADIE), AND PAULA TANQUERAY (MISS GLADYS COOPER) IN ACT II.

The revival of Sir Arthur Pinero's famous play, "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray" (first produced in 1893), has afforded Miss Gladys Cooper the triumph of her career in the part of Paula, and to old playgoers an interesting comparison with Mrs. Patrick Campbell's original creation of the character. The story is the tragedy of a woman with a "past," and the climax comes when Paula, second wife of Aubrey Tanqueray, learns that her step-daughter, Ellean, is engaged to a man with whom she herself had once lived.—[Photograph by Stage Photo, Co.]

Certainly, the "critical" playgoer goes to the theatre to be amused, but he seeks something more. He seeks, as it were, intellectual nourishment—never mind whether you call it education or edification. what he wants is to be impressed with something,

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THE WORLD OF WOMEN.

THE Royal Family are untiring and indefatigable in their interest in disabled soldiers, who rival our sex most successfully in their needlework, as was proved by the wonderful exhibition at Chelsea House, to which the Queen paid a private visit, making some purchases and giving some orders. Lady (Owen) Philipps, the generous lender of Chelsea House, entertained a number of the disabled workers, and gave a private view of the exhibition and a tea-party to some friends of the Friends of the Poor, in connection with which these disabled men are trained and obtain their work. Princess Mary, with Viscount Lascelles, came in, looking very bright and well in a charming, delicate shade of grey marquisette gown and a summer hat of pale-blue crinoline straw wreathed with pastel-blue convolvuli. The Princess made quite a number of purchases, and Lord Lascelles asked quite a lot of questions about the workers. Then they looked in on the soldiers, many in Bath-chairs, in the rooms on the ground floor, and they got a right royal reception. The Duke of Connaught was there, and Princess Christian, Princess Beatrice, Princess Marie Louise (the Chief Friend of the Poor); also the Marchioness of Carisbrooke, the Earl and Countess of Coventry, and many more. Mrs. James Corrigan had ordered a superb piece of work, the copy of an old design in silk on white satin. It was faultlessly done, and immensely admired. There was a Royal Scots Fusilier banner on blue satin for the Prince of Wales, and lovely petit-point. Disabled soldiers are undoubtedly as clever with the needle as the most able of womenkind.

A remarkable one-woman exhibition is that of pictures and garden figures at the Alpine Society's Gallery in Mill Street by Mrs. Benjamin Lee Guinness. In the centre of the gallery is a tiny garden with iron-work gates designed by Mrs. Guinness, a bird-bath supported on three little figures, and two bronze statuettes on pedestals, which, with other statuettes in the gallery, are all her work. The pictures number close upon forty, the majority being portraits. There are landscapes, a panel in Chinese style—one of those with which the whole of Mrs. Guinness's dining-room is done; and there is a seagull screen, copies of two Turners in the National Gallery, and other exhibits proving the versatility of this clever woman's talents. Several of the pictures are sold, and the prices paid are to go to a Children's Home at Bexhill. The artist is a rich lady, and uses her talents only for her own and her friends' benefit and for charity. Princess Helena Victoria and a number of well-known people have been to the exhibition.

Everyone begins to long for the country or the sea breezes now that the season is at an end—or will be with the Royal Garden Party, previous to which I write. It is to be a large affair, for people of all sections of the community, and has no special significance save as a kind of farewell hospitality on the part of their Majesties. As itself, it is, given good weather, a very delightful and interesting assemblage. As a substitute for Courts, it was regarded as an emergency measure, and fulfilled its mission as such. Earlier Garden Parties have not been favoured by the weather. That given by Queen Alexandra at Marlborough House for Princess Victoria's birthday was transferred to the house because it was dull and chilly. Some of the guests, including the Prince of Wales, braved the cold and had games in the garden, but rain drove them in again. The Queen looked very handsome in pale-grey, with a toque in pastel shades of mauve and

pink. Her Majesty was with Queen Alexandra in the house all the afternoon. The late Lord and Lady Suffield were long in Queen Alexandra's Household, and their daughters, sons, and sons-in-law, with their children, were all at the party. No one looked more dainty or more distinguished than the Marquess and Marchioness of Lincolnshire, who had many grandchildren among the younger guests. Princess Andrew of Greece had her three daughters there. They came here to be bridesmaids to Miss Edwina Ashley at her marriage with their uncle, Lord Louis Mountbatten, and are staying at Spencer House, which belongs to Prince and Princess Christopher of Greece, who have, however, not, so far, lived there.

It was a private affair, chiefly for Queen Alexandra's old friends, who enjoyed being with her and with Princess Victoria, who is a great favourite, as was evidenced by the array of flowers and other gifts set out in her Royal Highness's own boudoir. Kindest and most courteous of royal ladies, Princess Victoria devotes her life to her mother, from whom she is seldom away for long. The Hon. Violet Vivian, Queen Alexandra's one Maid-of-Honour since the Hon. Lucia White was married a few weeks ago, is a great friend of Princess Victoria; and the Marchioness of Titchfield, who was before her marriage a Maid-of-Honour to Queen Alexandra, is another. Both were at the party; also the Duchess of Portland, Queen Alexandra's Mistress of the Robes.

The Duke of York very much enjoyed his week-end as the guest of Earl and Countess Beatty at Reigate Priory. King Edward greatly liked the Priory, which is situated practically in Reigate, and is yet secluded, being surrounded with lovely grounds. It was for some time tenanted by the late Captain the Hon. Ronald Greville and his wife, both favourites with King Edward. The Hon. Dame Margaret Greville, widow of Captain Ronald, bought Polesden Lacy—also in Surrey, on the hills above Dorking—and entertains there charmingly. Some weeks ago it was

stated that she was going to sell the place, but I am assured there is no truth in the report. Earl and Countess Beatty bought Reigate Priory from Captain Somers Somerset; the price was said to have been £100,000. It has been altered and redecorated and brought thoroughly up to date, and is not only quiet and restful, but also within a motor run of London. The Hon. Gervase and the late Hon. Mrs. Gervase Beckett had it for a time. Lady Beatty gave a Cinderella dance on the Saturday of the Duke of York's visit, which was much enjoyed by a large house party. The Duke is as enthusiastic a dancer as a tennis player. His Royal Highness is, indeed, an all-round man, playing most games well. Sir Philip Sassoon, most eligible of bachelors, had princely bachelors and other royal guests at his dance last week in his Park Lane mansion. His only sister, the Countess of Rocksavage, helped him to entertain, and between them they achieved one of the most brilliant dances of the season.

I listened to an animated discussion at tea at a very smart tea place, and the subject was the shop at which you can get the most beautiful and best things in London. The talkers were a quartette, and they all showed that they knew the ropes. Their unanimous verdict, after arguing from several points of view, was Debenhams and Freebody's. They went over that big house department by department, and compared and weighed merits before they came to this conclusion. Thinking it over, the verdict appears perfectly just. One of this little self-appointed

jury showed some silks and brocades she had acquired at the sale, and they were exquisite and, at sale prices, real bargains. The twelve-days' sale is over now, but not the opportunity of acquiring some of the most beautiful and best things in London at most reasonable prices.

Not the winner of a great war, not the Admiral-hero of a big sea fight, not the Prime Minister of a great nation, but the winner of the World's Tennis Championship for Women drew thousands upon thousands to Wimbledon day by day before and after this idol of the athletic world, Mlle. Suzanne Lenglen, had once again scored her triumph. The two ladies in the final were not, perhaps, so delightfully cordial over the result as the winner and loser of the Diamond Sculls in the last heat. The French champion is reported to have said, "You see I have done now what I could have done last year in America," to which the American player replied, "You have done to me what I did to you then—beaten me." Diplomatic repartee this, without doubt, but I liked the grip of hands and the smiling faces of the British and American scullers better.

The Duke and Duchess of Sutherland give a ball at Sutton Place on the last night of the season. It is an hour's motor run from town without scorching, and, given a summer night, I can imagine no lovelier setting for a ball. Royal guests will be there. The house is real Tudor, having been built in the reign of Henry VIII. It is spacious and fine; the oak-panelled, lofty hall makes a fine ball-room. It opens on to the gardens, and these are beautiful. The lawns are really like velvet; in the rose-gardens fountains play; and on the long pond of the water-garden float water-lilies crimson, pink, white, and yellow. It is a



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In order that the reproach of dullness should not be brought against this coat-frock, a scarlet belt is worn with it, and the coarse linen sleeves are embroidered in the same colour. It comes from Fifinella, 43, Buckingham Palace Road, and other addresses.



A FOUR-TRAINED DRESS.

The sleeves seem to be quite the most important part of this evening dress of petunia-coloured crêpe Romain. They are a modern adaptation of the mediæval sleeve, and trail, forming two of the four trains; the two others come from the skirt cut in points. Fifinella has created the dress.

very fine house, and the Duke and Duchess of Sutherland are young, and a very favourite host and hostess. The Prince of Wales, who will be at the ball, most thoroughly enjoyed his long visit to them in the Highlands last autumn. A. E. I.

For Summer Days



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THE WORLD OF MUSIC.

EASTERN INFLUENCE IN MODERN MUSIC.

It is curious that the influence of the East showed itself very much later in music than in any other of the arts. We are, of course, accustomed to using the word Eastern very vaguely as representative of Asia: yet, different as Turkestan, Afghanistan, India (itself a welter of different races and cultures), Burma, Arabia, China, and Japan may be, they can be grouped together as having some affinity with one another which Europe does not share. In painting and in architecture, however, there is among trained European artists a quite considerable amount of knowledge of Eastern art, and they can discriminate between Arabian and Persian painting, or between Chinese and Japanese pottery, or between Indian and Moorish ornament with facility. There is also no lack of experts who can distinguish one period from another even to a matter of fifty or a hundred years. This is, however, emphatically not the case with music. Not only is the average trained musician wholly unable to distinguish between twelfth-century Indian music and eighteenth-century Indian music, but he would not know the difference between Indian music and Japanese music if he heard them. What the European musician calls Eastern music is Arab or Tartar music. Spain was the first European country to get into touch with Eastern music, and that was due to the long-existing Moorish empire in Spain. But Spanish music has only become known to the rest of Europe during the last fifty years. If you ask any European musician to name you the two greatest Spanish composers, he will almost certainly say Granados and Albeniz. As a matter of fact, it is a thousand to one that he only knows the names of four Spanish composers altogether, and the other two will be Turina and Manuel de Falla, both of whom are living and comparatively young. But all the Spanish music that is known to us has a distinctly non-European flavour. The Moorish influence has affected its rhythmic character in the most unmistakable manner; but this Eastern rhythmic flavour which

we recognise in modern Spanish music did not first reach England, France, and Germany via Spain. It did not even come to us via Hungary, where the Saracens had a footing right up until the sixteenth century.

It is very curious that in the compositions of Haydn (1732-1809) and Mozart (1756-1791), both of whom were Viennese composers—and therefore in as

is popularly understood by Eastern music in European cities to-day. It is very surprising that it was practically left to Brahms and Liszt in the nineteenth century to introduce to us the Hungarian dance rhythms which undoubtedly owe something of their character to the East. Yet these Hungarian dances must have existed in the days of Haydn and Mozart. It seems very remarkable, when we consider the

intriguing seductiveness of this Hungarian dance music, that it should have been so completely ignored by the great Austrian composers of the eighteenth century. Apart from Liszt, Berlioz, and Brahms, who all used Hungarian dance rhythms, I should think the first well-known European composer to show the influence of the East in his music was the Frenchman Félicien David (1810-1876), who wrote in 1844 a Symphonic Ode entitled "Le Désert." France's connection with Northern Europe in Egypt and Algeria was earlier than that of any other European country. Spain had shaken herself off from the Moors in Africa after the conquest of Granada, and was reduced to such beggary during the Napoleonic wars that she had no artistic influence on Europe again until about the middle of the nineteenth century, when she was re-discovered by Frenchmen like Théophile Gautier. A little later, French musicians began to discover her, and the Spanish influence becomes very marked in such late nineteenth-century French composers as Chabrier, Debussy, and Maurice Ravel. In fact, English and German musicians came into touch with the Spanish genius through the work of these French musicians long before they had heard any of the works of the Spanish composers themselves.

Almost contemporary with the infiltration of the East into French music, via Spain, came the second stream of Eastern influence through Russia. This time it was a Tartar and not an Arab or Moorish strain. We meet it first in the music of Borodin and Rimsky-Korsakov. Those who have heard Borodin's opera "Prince Igor," or have seen the Russian Ballet's performances of the dances from "Prince Igor"—dances which take place in the camp of the Tartar Prince—will recognise the unmistakably non-Western,

[Continued overleaf.]



THE PREMIER'S WIFE AS A COALITION PROPAGANDIST: MRS. LLOYD GEORGE SPEAKING FROM HER CAR AT TAUNTON DURING HER POLITICAL PILGRIMAGE IN THE WEST.

Mrs. Lloyd George recently conducted a political pilgrimage, by motor-car, in the interests of the Coalition, through Somerset, Devon, and Cornwall, visiting all the principal towns and numerous villages. The tour ended at Redruth on July 12. Everywhere she had a very hearty reception, and she made many short speeches, always pleading for peace. Her husband's energies, she declared, were devoted to building up peace in Europe and the whole world, and no criticism would turn him from his purpose. She travelled in a Daimler car lent by Sir Howell Davies. At Taunton the welcome was headed by Sir Dennis Boles.

Photograph by L.N.A.

close contact with the East as any European composer could be—there is absolutely no trace of Eastern influence. Certainly these composers frequently give the title "Alla Turca" to a quick movement in 2-4 time that has a peculiar rhythmic character, but it is not what we to-day should call Eastern. It bears, for example, no sort of resemblance to the rhythmic character of Tchaikovsky's Arab Dance in the popular "Casse-Noisette" Suite, which may be taken as what

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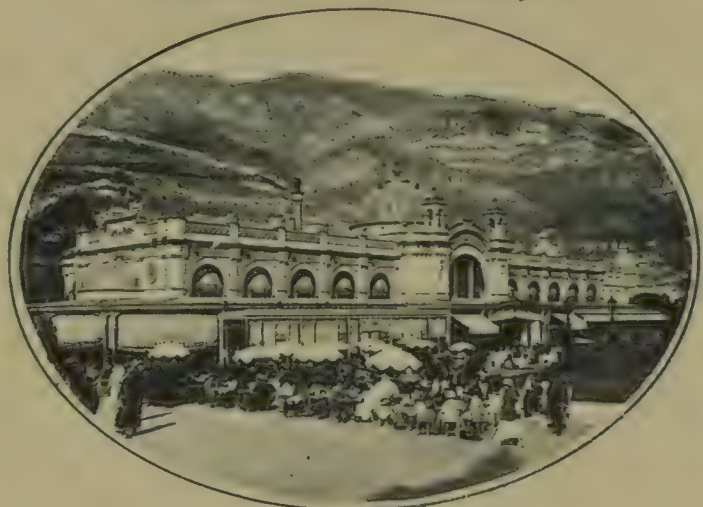
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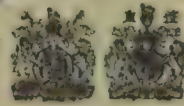
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Continued
rhythmic character of the music. They will also recognise that, although non-European, it differs distinctly from the Spanish dance rhythms. To my mind, it also differs markedly in character from the Eastern flavour of Rimsky-Korsakov's "Scheherazade," which has much more in common

way familiar. I cannot imagine it filling him with homesickness, but I may be wrong. I believe that most of Rimsky-Korsakov's very Eastern melodies were entirely his own invention. We have also to remember that all this so-called Eastern music, whether Spanish or Russian, is written in our Western scale, which does not admit of smaller intervals than a semi-tone. But Indian music—and, I believe, Arab music also—makes use of quarter-tones, to which the average European ear is wholly unaccustomed, so that real Indian or Arab music would have a character which it is only possible roughly to indicate in Western music.

There is another Eastern influence of a wholly different kind—namely, the Jewish influence. It is only within the last hundred years that the Jews have become so prominent in music, and even to-day they are more eminent on the executive than on the creative side. It is a remarkable fact that no absolutely first-class composer has been a Jew, although some famous composers, Tchaikowsky, for example, have had a Jewish strain in their blood. There are musicians who profess to be able to detect infallibly a specifically Jewish quality in all music composed by Jews. It does, indeed, seem to be a fact that the work of Jewish composers is generally ornate, showy, and adapted to exhibit most brilliantly the virtuosity of the performer. Then, nearly all the most famous virtuosos are Jews, although there are such outstanding exceptions as Paderewski, Fritz Kreisler, and Cortôt—to name just a few that occur to me. But, apart from this instinct for magnificence and brilliant display, there is nothing specifically Oriental about the music composed by Jews. It is also so diverse in character that it is not really possible to speak of Jewish music. There

is no recognisable formula into which we can put the music of, say, Arnold Schönberg, Goldmark, and Sir Frederic Cowen, who are all three Jews. Probably we should find that if we were really familiar with Eastern music, it would cease all to seem alike to us. We might discover that one Arabian composer differed as much from another as Richard Wagner differs from Donizetti. Certainly, on the occasion of the visit of the Crown Prince of Japan to this country, it was noticeable that the Japanese sailors driving in brakes sight-seeing London, all looked alike as peas. What the ordinary Londoner noticed was their general unlikeness to himself; he did not get beyond that, and so could not recognise the differences between them. It is exactly the same with Eastern music. Our ignorance is so great, it is so unfamiliar, that we give the general description of Eastern or Oriental to all sorts of music. This is of great advantage to the writers of incidental music to Eastern plays. Any musician can give a London audience the illusion of the desert. He doesn't even need Mr. Oscar Asche's camels!

W. J. TURNER.



THE NEW PRINCE OF MONACO IN HIS FATHER'S FUNERAL PROCESSION: PRINCE LOUIS (LEFT) WITH THE DUC DE VALENTINOIS.

Prince Louis of Monaco, only son of the late Prince Albert, was born in 1870, and became a Lieutenant-Colonel in the French Army. The Duc de Valentinois is the husband of the late Prince's adopted daughter, Charlotte, Duchesse de Valentinois.

Photograph by J. Enrietti, Monte Carlo.

with Tchaikovsky's "Arab Dance." Rimsky-Korsakov had a peculiar genius for writing Eastern music. To our Western minds, what could possibly be more Eastern than the ballet-opera "Coq d'Or"? Long, recitative-like melodies over a percussion or drone bass seem to be the foundation of this Eastern flavour, but I doubt very much whether any Tartar or Arab would recognise the music of "Coq d'Or" as in any



THE FUNERAL OF THE LATE PRINCE ALBERT OF MONACO: THE STATE COACH, COVERED WITH MAGNIFICENT FLOWERS, LEAVING THE PALACE.

The funeral of Prince Albert of Monaco took place there on July 8. In the procession from the Palace to the Cathedral the coffin, covered with the Princely flag, was carried by thirty Monégasques on foot, in relays of eight. The French cruiser "Metz" fired a salute as the procession started. King George was represented by the British Consul, Mr. Wiseman Keogh. The service was conducted by Mgr. Brulay de Varannes, Bishop of Monaco, and the burial was in the Princely tomb in the crypt.

Photograph by J. Enrietti, Monte Carlo.

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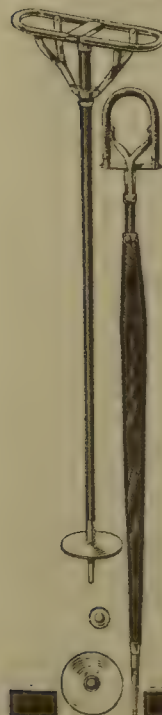
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THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

A Confession of Failure.

From the very first I have contended that the present absurd and vexatious methods of licensing and registration would not act as a check on the theft of cars. As a matter of fact, it is quite possible to

under the representation that it has never been registered before. The fact that it is so re-registered makes it very difficult for the police to trace it and establish its identity, whereas under the old system there was not the same apparent continuity of record, so to say, and the task of bringing the thief to justice was very much easier, because he was not able to establish with official aid an apparently good title to the car of which he was in wrongful possession.

It is said that the Ministry of Transport has issued fresh instructions to the registering authorities intended to make it more difficult to obtain registration of cars which are not new vehicles. It is not easy to see how this is really to be done without causing fresh inconvenience and vexation to the motorist. Must the latter actually produce his car before it can be registered? If so, then good-bye to the present convenience of registration by post.

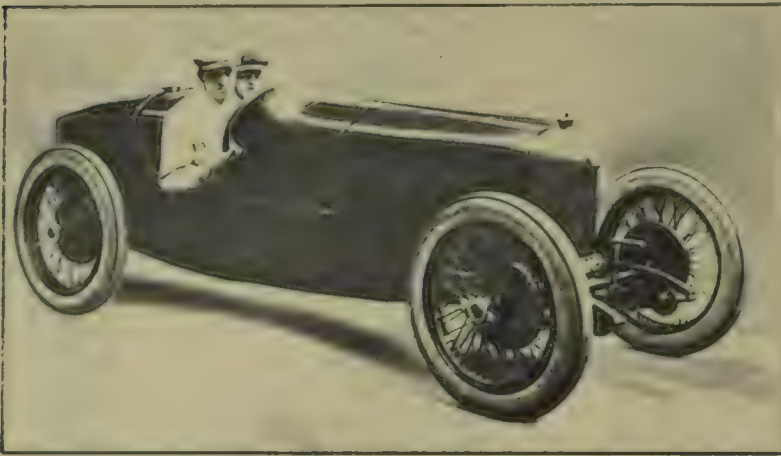
Must it be driven right across a county on a particular day so that it may be inspected by a County Council licensing clerk? I don't know what the instruction is, but I cannot conceive that it can tend to make theft more difficult without imposing fresh trouble upon the community generally. It is a pity

the Ministry cannot summon up enough courage to confess that the scheme is an utter failure, and to substitute something more workable and more efficient.

The Cyclist and the Roads.

I see that the Commissioner of Police has been compelled to issue a warning to cyclists on the subject of riding three or four abreast and refusing to give way to overtaking traffic. He remarks that he does not desire to take drastic action to compel this practice to cease, but that unless there are fewer complaints something will have to be done about it—or words to that effect. It is a great pity that there is always a minority of those devoted to any pursuit that seems to think it has all the rights, while others have none. Generally speaking, I do not find that cyclists are any worse road-users than the rest. They are content, like all other decent folk, with a fair share of the road, and practise the rule of give and take as well as any. But there are a number, consisting

Continued overleaf.



KILLED IN THE GRAND PRIX: THE WINNER'S NEPHEW, BIAGIO NAZZARO, IN ONE OF THE NEW FIAT TWO-LITRE CARS WHICH COMPETED.

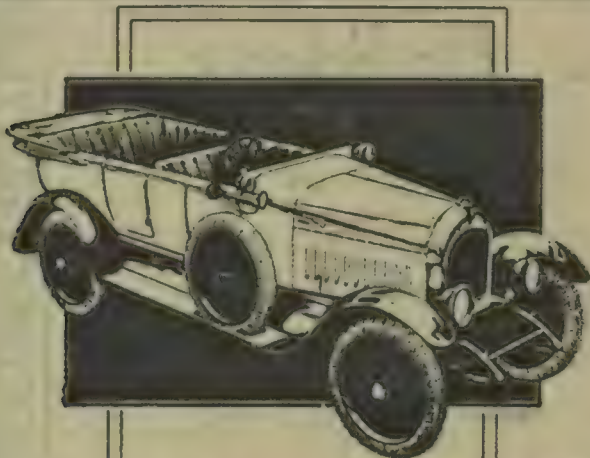
The Grand Prix of the Automobile Club de France was won by Felice Nazzaro in a Fiat car. He covered the course of 501½ miles, over the Strasbourg circuit, in 7h. 15m. 9s. While he was being "shouldered" by his Italian compatriots, news came by telephone that his nephew, Biagio Nazzaro, had been killed by the overturning of his car on the last lap. His mechanic had an arm and a leg broken.

see how it can actually be of assistance to the dishonest; and, as those who engage in the nefarious trade of appropriating the property of others are not all fools, it seems pretty obvious that they would early discover the ready means of establishing apparent bona-fides which the authorities have placed in their hands. That they have so discovered it is now admitted by no less an authority than the Commissioner of Metropolitan Police, who plaintively points out that the way of the thief is made easy by the facility with which he can re-register a stolen car



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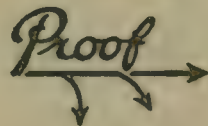
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(Continued.)

of the very young and callow, who seem to think it clever to ride in droves, occupying most of the road and refusing to give way to the overtaker until absolutely compelled. When at last one is able to pass, it is very often to the accompaniment of a good deal of coarse vituperation. The road-hog is by no means peculiar to the ranks of motoring. If the Commissioner carries out his threat and sees that a few examples are made the nuisance will probably die a natural death—for it most certainly is a nuisance, and a very dangerous one at that.

A Sternal Offer.

In order to draw attention to their lubricating oils—which I can vouch from personal experience are excellent lubricants—Messrs. Sternal, Ltd., are marketing them in a special five-gallon drum, decoratively enamelled so as to form a permanent part of the garage equipment, together with a very well-made brass tap. These drums are sent carriage paid to the nearest railway station. Quite a number of car-manufacturers recommend Sternal for use in their cars, so that the motorist is perfectly safe in ordering a five-gallon drum. I have already done so.

A New Vauxhall.

The Vauxhall Company announce a new and more than ordinarily interesting car in the shape of a model to be known as the "23-60." It has an overhead-valve motor furnished with the Lanchester harmonic balancer, which, it is claimed, renders the running of the engine—which in this case is of the four-cylinder type—as smooth as that of a "six." It has a bore and stroke of 95 and 140 mm. respectively, with an R.A.C. rating of 22.4-h.p. In comparison with the older type

of side-valve engine, the power output shows an increase of roughly twenty per cent. This is a very substantial increase, and ought to result in very much better road performance. What that means in the case of an efficient car like the Vauxhall is something considerable. A number of important detail improvements have been made in the chassis, which latter follows very closely the lines of that of the 25-h.p. Vauxhall. I have not as yet had an opportunity of trying this new car, but it certainly looks a very notable addition to the list of high-grade British cars. I understand the chassis price is £850, while the complete touring car will be listed at £1150.

Recent Dunlop Successes.

In spite of the rain, which caused the cancelling of three out of the twelve events at the M.C.C. meeting at Brooklands, some very good results were obtained and some remarkable speeds put up. The third race, which was for motor-cycles of 560 c.c. and over, was won by G. Brough at 82.08 m.p.h., on a Brough-Superior fitted with 26 by 3 Dunlop Magnums. It may be noted that Captain Miller's Wolseley "Viper," which won the handicap race for cars over 1500 c.c., at 101.43 m.p.h., was also Dunlop-shod. In connection with the Armstrong-Siddeley trial, during which the car travelled 10,010½ miles, one of the most satisfactory features was the good performance of the Dunlop Cord Tyres which were fitted to the car. One of the tyres completed the whole distance without a single puncture, and the mileages of the remaining three were 9773½, 9702½, 9643½ respectively. Not the slightest tyre trouble—in the strict sense of the word—was experienced throughout.—W. W.

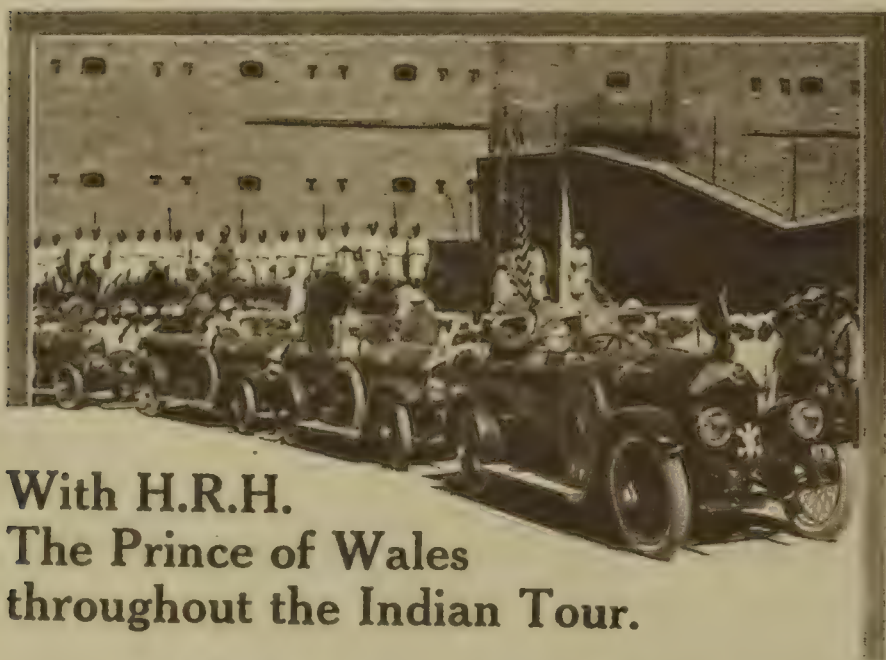
SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

ORNITHOLOGY—OLD AND NEW.

I CAN always assure myself a comfortable, soothing half-hour, when in need of a little rest, by turning over the pages of old and, as some would have it, "obsolete" books on British birds. They carry me back, in imagination, to the days when kites, buzzards and harriers, eagles and ospreys, could be seen on the wing whenever one cared to take the trouble to invade their haunts; to the days when the great bustard could be found on the heaths, and ruffs and reeves in the fens.

They who wrote these books wrote them because they loved their subject, and knew it by long apprenticeship. The pages of some are quaintly illustrated. Bewick's "British Birds" is one of these. He was content to describe the various species then to be met with up and down the countryside—and many of these, alas! are now extinct. The sorrowful and hypersensitive Macgillivray was another. He was a man of more scholarly attainments, and gave not only most helpful descriptions, but also accurate, if superficial, discourses on anatomy, in so far as he supposed such information would be of interest to his readers. He was, in some directions, the founder of the "modern school" of ornithologists. Montagu's "Ornithological Dictionary" is another entertaining book. When I was a boy I used to turn over the pages of Jardine's "Natural History" with bated breath. The coloured plates, especially of the birds, fascinated me. I think I must have copied every one of them a dozen times over in coloured chalks! They still delight me, though I am glad

(Continued overleaf.)



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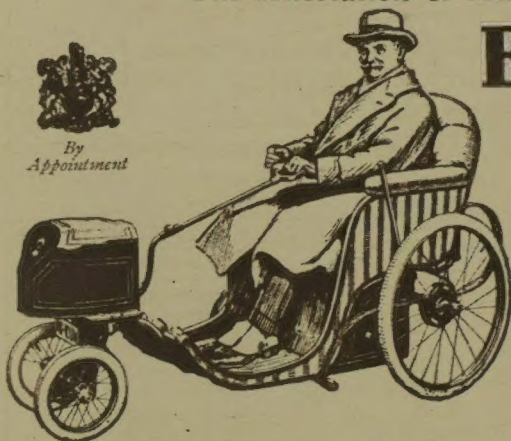
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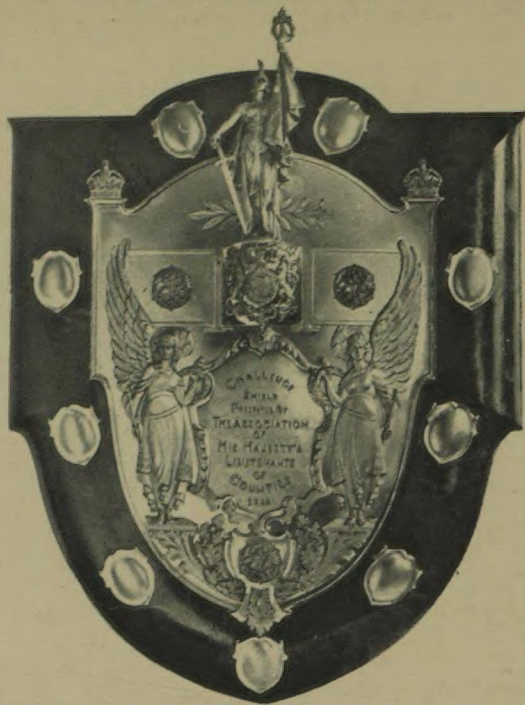
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we have improved on them in the matter of drawing! The coloured plates of Morris's "British Birds" were, to me, wonderful productions; each volume was a "wonder-book."

The old collections of stuffed birds one sees occasionally in old country houses and local museums give me still a thrill of pleasure; even though they be atrocious examples of the taxidermist's "art." But I look, as it were, beyond this, and see, in imagination, a sort of glorified John Bull, who made this collection, and his pride when exhibiting his treasures—all males, in full breeding plumage; he would have no other.

That was the standard of those days. They loved their birds; they loved to handle them and to have them "for always and always," in all the glory of their nuptial finery. This sufficed them, for they were not inquisitive, and had no notions about "origins" and affinities. These were matters which never entered their minds, or, if they did, never took any definite shape. They were, for the most part, content to believe that the barnacle goose was born from barnacles which grew on trees; that the cuckoo passed the winter in the guise of a sparrowhawk; and that the swallows, in the autumn, plunged down into horse-ponds, there to spend the harsh days of winter deep down in the warm mud!

But gradually these old beliefs waned, and finally vanished. Ornithology pursued as a hobby began more and more to be taken seriously, to be studied as "science." But the ornithologist of to-day is as keen and enthusiastic as his predecessors. He has opened up new fields. Migration and its mysteries were never even suspected in those bygone days. Neither was there any conception of the real significance of the



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The presentation was made in the House of Lords by the Duke of Bedford, to General Sir Noel Birch, representing the Territorial Army Rifle Association. The shield is of solid silver, 39½ in. high by 29 in. wide, and was made by the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company, of 112, Regent Street.

term "British birds"; nor of "sub-species"; nor of "geographical races" and the problems these present. The "comfortable word 'evolution'" had not then been coined. To-day, though it has a changing currency value, it forms an indispensable standard for those who march with the times.

Henceforth, the study of British birds must be pursued "intensively." The path of progress towards this standard has been long and tortuous, as may be seen by following up the bird-books of successive generations. The very latest, and this is now in its third year, is almost forbidding in its austerity. Its very title, "A Practical Handbook of British Birds," makes the novice think twice before opening it; and its pages are not "readable" as one scans them. But it is, remember, a "practical" handbook, and therefore must be taken seriously. This done, it becomes at once apparent that here is a trusty guide into unexplored country, rich in possibilities, and a certain source of inspiration. The very names of its contributors—Hartert, Witherby, Jackson, Ticehurst—inspire confidence. It is the guide to the "new ornithology." But what are the standards of the "new" ornithology? These I must dilate upon on another occasion. W. P. PYCRAFT.

The Automobile Association states that it is important that motorists strictly observe the speed-limit of ten miles per hour through Redhill, Reigate, and Crawley. Special caution in regard to the speed-limit is also necessary when passing through Farningham (Kent). In the case of Redhill, the police have recently been trapping in the ten-mile limit.

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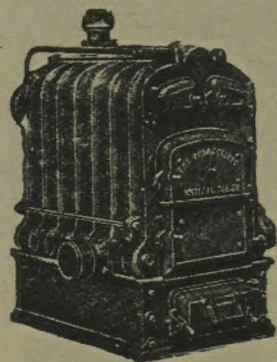
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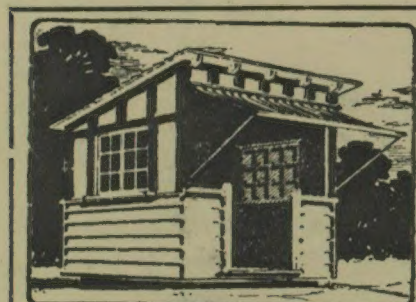


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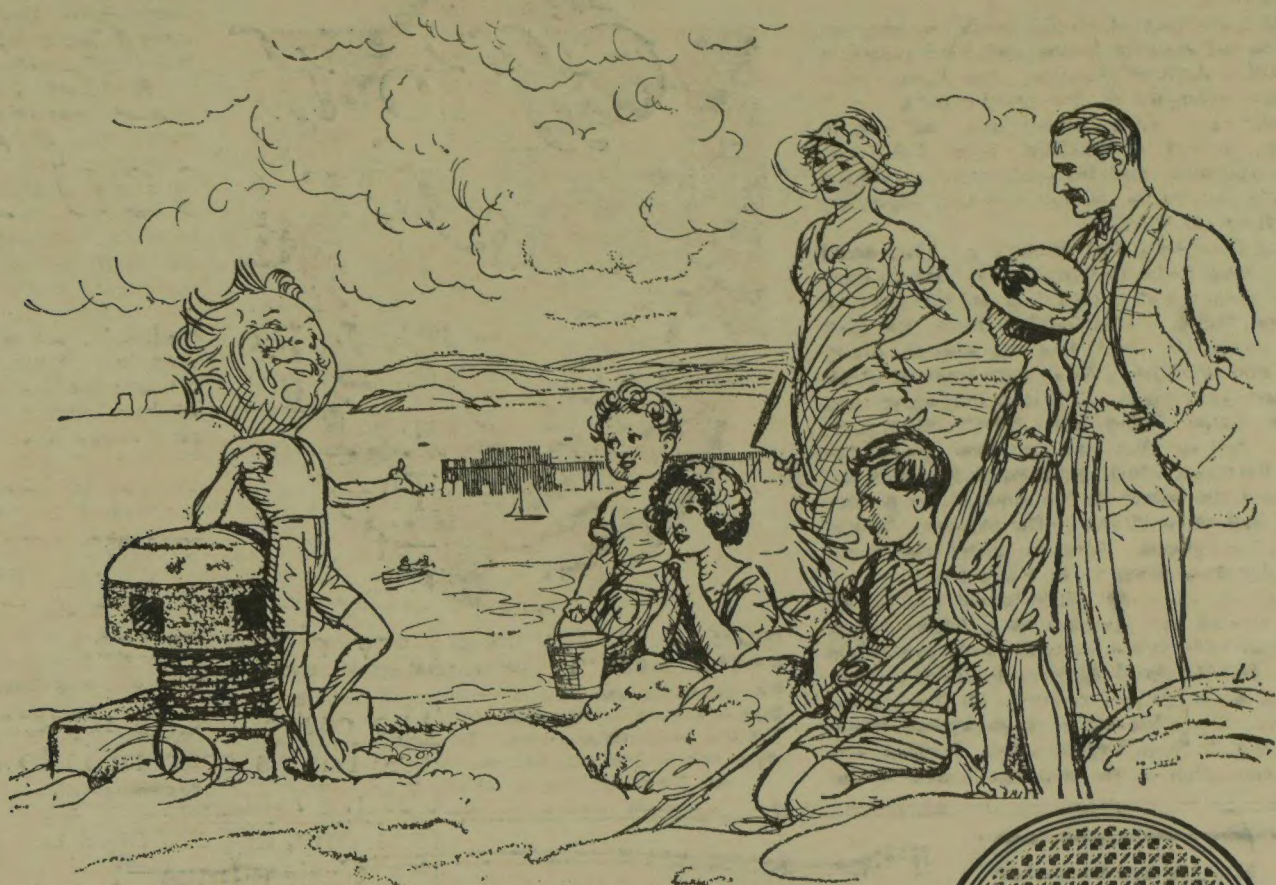
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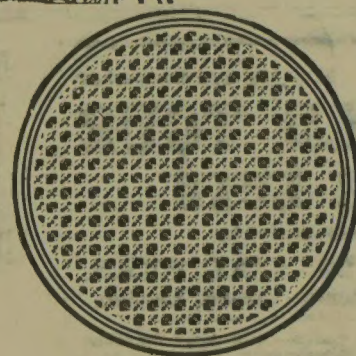
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